The Outlook

JANUARY 19, 1921

CROWDER IN CUBA

WHILE Mr. Colby, Secretary of State, has been visiting Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, General Crowder has gone to Cuba on a visit of a very different kind.

It is important that Americans should understand clearly the difference between the relation the United States bears to Cuba and certain other neighboring countries and the relation it bears to the strong, stable nations to the south. It is important because such countries as Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, which are both self-respecting and sensitive, should have no cause for thinking the United States unappreciative of their position. Just as we in this country have resented condescension in foreigners, to use Lowell's phrase, so the citizens of these independent American republics are naturally resentful of any sign of condescension in us. Such a trip as that of Mr. Colby ought to do good if it is accompanied with discretion. If reports of what Mr. Colby has said about the proposed treaty with Colombia are authentic, we are not sure that discretion has always prevailed. Nevertheless the very fact of the visit cannot help being fruitful of good.

Our relations to Cuba are entirely different. Though not exactly a member of our family, Cuba is bound to us by ties that are definite and close. If the United States were an empire, Cuba might be really considered a part of it. When the United States delivered Cuba from the control of Spain, the world expected the United States to retain Cuba as a possession. Instead of that the United States, after restoring order, put Cuba upon her own feet; but, for the sake of American as well as Cuban interests, retained the right, in case of disturbance or instability, to intervene. Since the recent election in Cuba, when there were frauds in the balloting, Cuba has been in a state of uncertainty. Reports have come to this country which made it desirable for the United States Government to take steps to ascertain the facts and to see whether anything could be done to avoid intervention. General Wood, because of his former record in Cuba, which has placed him among the great colonial administrators of history, would have probably been an ideal representative of the United States in Cuba at this time. Whatever other obstacles there were in the way of sending him, the unfriendliness of the present Administration toward him undoubtedly eliminated him. We cannot think of any better substitute to send than General Enoch Crowder, who is the President's appointee as his representative in this emergency. General Crowder's understanding of the mental attitude of free, self-governing people was demonstrated in his creation of the Selective Service Law. He is a military man who understands not only discipline but liberty. We hope that he will find it possible to straighten out affairs in Cuba without formal intervention.

GENERAL ENOCH CROWDER
Investigator of Cuban conditions on behalf of the United States Government

LIMITS TO THE RIGHT OF BOYCOTT

ONE of the most important decisions of recent years in labor cases was rendered on January 3 by the United States Supreme Court. The majority of the Court concurred in Mr. Justice Pitney's opinion, which may be summarized in this sentence embodied in it: "To instigate a sympathetic strike in aid of a secondary boycott cannot be deemed 'peaceful and lawful' persuasion."

The case was that of the Duplex Printing Company vs. Emil J. Deering *et al.* The judges were divided, six to three. The majority of the Court agreed in deciding against the claims of the International Association of Machinists, a labor union of which Mr. Deering and others were representatives. The three judges who dissented were Mr. Justice Brandeis, Mr. Justice Holmes, and Mr. Justice Clarke. The Court reversed the decisions of the lower courts, which the dissenting judges would have upheld.

This decision does not involve an interpretation of the Constitution. It is concerned only with the meaning of certain provisions of law and their application to this case. In substance it declares that under no circumstances is a secondary boycott legal, and that such interference with business as this union attempted is a secondary boycott.

It may thus be seen that there are two questions involved in this case. One is a question of law, the other is a question of fact.

The law involved is the Anti-Trust Act as modified by the Clayton Act. The Anti-Trust Act prohibits conspiracies in restraint of trade. The Clayton Act permits the use of injunctions to prevent such conspiracies, but restricts the use of the injunctions so as to give immunity to a particular class. The law says that this injunction shall not be used to prohibit persons from terminating any relation of employment, or from ceasing from work, or persuading others by peaceful means to do so. The question of law is whether this provision applies strictly to the relation between employees and those who directly employ them, or whether it applies to employees more generally, as in the case of a labor union in its relation to those who employ its members. The majority of the Court interpret the law as applying strictly to those who have direct relations of employer and employee, while the dissenting judges hold that the law should not be confined to those cases but applied to all employers and employees whose interests in any case are involved. It cannot be said that the dissenting judges necessarily defended the use of the secondary boycott; for the secondary boycott can be so defined as to exclude it from any case which the dissenting judges think justifiable.

THE INDUSTRIAL FACTS IN THE CASE

THE question of fact in this case was the larger and more important subject. As Mr. Justice Brandeis in his dis-

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senting opinion points out, the changes in industrial law and in the interpretation of that law by the courts have come, not through the rejection of principles formerly regarded as inviolate, but through "a better realization of the facts of industrial life." The dissenting justices refer to the widespread impression that judges, in deciding that the courts should prevent damage which the judges consider done for a purpose socially or economically harmful, and therefore malicious and unlawful, have been governed by their economic environment and have thus translated their social and economic ideas into law. It was to prevent this very thing, these dissenting judges hold, that Congress passed the Clayton Act, so as to substitute for the economic ideas of judges the economic ideas of Congress.

In the last analysis the difference between the majority and the minority of the Supreme Court in this case is a difference in understanding certain industrial facts.

The Duplex Company manufactures printing presses. It maintains an "open shop." Practically all of its competitors have been "union shops." There was a strike in the plant of the Duplex Company. Out of its two hundred and fifty employees only fourteen went out on strike. The machinists' union, realizing that if the strike failed the other manufacturers of printing presses, in order to compete with the Duplex Company, would tend to become open shops and lower their union standard, undertook to interfere with the installation of Duplex presses in certain newspaper offices. The men who installed these presses were employees of the company, but the newspapers for whom these presses were provided had no quarrel with their own employees, and were involved in this struggle not as direct participants but as customers of the Duplex Company. The union not only endeavored to get truckmen to refuse to haul these presses but threatened purchasers or intending purchasers of the presses with labor troubles if they installed them. The Duplex Company asked for an injunction against the machinists' union to prevent them from interfering with their trade. The lower courts refused the injunction, on the ground that the law prohibited the use of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees. The Supreme Court has reversed this decision and granted the injunction, on the ground that this does not involve a dispute between employers and employees. The dissenting judges declare that the contention "that this case is not one arising out of a dispute concerning the conditions of work of one of the parties is . . . founded upon a misconception of the facts."

The majority of the Court emphasizes the interest of the public, including the rights of large purchasers of goods, and thus restricts the field in which union labor can operate. The minority of the Court, on the other hand, emphasizes the importance of the legal rights of employees standing together for the common defense of their common interests.

Evidently the statute needs to be clarified by further legislation if public opinion does not concur with the decision of the Supreme Court. It is to be remembered, however, that this is a case concerning the right of combatants in industrial struggle. The ideal way out of the difficulty involved in such a case as this is the substitution of something more rational than force and intimidation in the settlement of industrial disputes.

SHALL THE AIR MAIL BE KILLED?

THE United States Air Mail Service was started May 15, 1918. The first air route was between Washington and New York. Now thirty-five cargo-carrying mail planes are journeying across the country every day over routes with a total distance of eight thousand miles—routes which touch Cuba and Canada, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Air Mail has been frequently under fire. It has been condemned as impractical, extravagant, and dangerous. Last year Congress attempted to kill the Air Mail and this year the appropriation for its continuance has been stricken from the Post Office Appropriation Bill in the House. If it is to be retained, it must be restored by the Senate.

Certainly at this time the country wants economy in the operation of its government. But there are some forms of saving which are very bad economy, and we are convinced that the attempt to kill the Air Mail belongs emphatically in this class. It is no argument to say that the Air Mail Service should be eliminated because it costs more to carry mail through the air than on trains. It costs more to carry mails on trains than on canal boats, but we do not send mail from New York to Buffalo by the Erie Canal because of that fact—though there is some evidence to the contrary.

Those who claim that the Air Mail Service is impractical belong in the class with those who ridiculed the Clermont as she puffed her way slowly but surely up the Hudson. Without the Clermonts of industry there are no Aquitanias. We ought to be thankful that the Post Office in one instance at least has had the courage to be forward looking.

If there are unusual dangers involved in the Air Mail, it is not the part of courage or intelligence to drop the service on that account. The challenge to us is not to eliminate the dangers by leaving the air, but by fully conquering it.

Above and beyond all this, there remains the fact that the Air Mail constitutes our only Governmental encouragement to civil and commercial flying The development of the airplane industry in America is vitally necessary not only for the direct benefit which will accrue to the country from the existence of such an industry, but because this industry is of paramount importance in the preparation of our National defense. If we have no trained pilots and no facilities for building airplanes, our fleets and our armies will soon belong in a military category with the galleys of Rome and the bowmen of Assyria. The country not only can afford its Air Mail, it must afford it.

PROHIBITION AND CIVIL SERVICE

IT is obvious that the Volstead Act has not been enforced in many sections of the country with that rigor and honesty of purpose without which such an act can serve only to arouse popular contempt of law. It seems plain, too, that the failure to enforce the Volstead Act is in part due to the fact that enforcement agents have been chosen in many instances without regard to fitness and with undue regard for political influence.

At the time of the passage of the Volstead Act efforts were made to put the enforcement agents under the Civil Service Law. Those who were working for the passage of this act, however, feared that the insertion of such an amendment would result in the defeat of the act, and therefore it was not accepted.

A bill has now been introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Tinkham, of Massachusetts, designed to rectify this serious omission This bill has the backing of the National Civil Service Reform League and its purpose is to be heartily commended. The measure in its present form has not the support of the Anti-Saloon League. It appears to us that if the form of the present bill is not satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League that organization should take every possible means to help in the preparation of a

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 119)

Ferguson in the Chicago Daily Drovers Journal

IT'S ALWAYS EMBARRASSING TO BE THE FIRST ONE OUT IN THE NEW STYLES

From Mrs. Vernon Morrish, Flint, Mich.

Morris in the American Legion Weekly

HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT

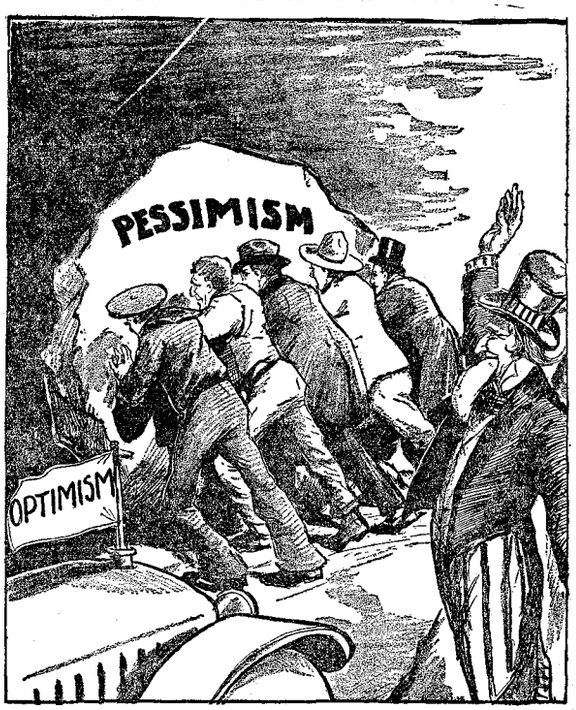
From E. L. Adams, Waukesha, Wis.

De Mar in the Philadelphia Record

A NEW YEAR PARADE

From Rev. Frank P. Parkin, Philadelphia

From the San Francisco Chronicle



NOW! ALL TOGETHER!!

From Col. John T. Knight, Fort Mason, San Francisco, Cal.

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bill which it believes will meet the peculiar needs of the present situation. The Anti-Saloon League cannot afford to let the impression get abroad that it is not co-operating fully in the movement to put the enforcement of the Volstead Act upon an efficient and non-political basis.

THE FARMER'S CRISIS

THE American farmer is in a serious situation. During the war he made money. At present he is losing money. Prices for his products, he claims, are below the cost of production; in addition he has been, he says, hit harder than has any other producer.

What can the Government do for him?

Two remedies have been suggested. One is a tariff remedy, the other a credit remedy.

The first remedy would protect him by a tariff keeping Canadian and other agricultural products from competing with his. Accordingly, a hastily drawn Tariff Bill to this end has passed the House of Representatives. Its duties are so prohibitive that they practically amount to an embargo—and this in time of peace! This unscientific measure has apparently been drawn on the theory that we can sell abroad without buying abroad. Its framers do not seem to realize that they must not unduly restrict imports; otherwise, Europe cannot pay the war debt she owes us, much less contract for more of our goods to be exported; such exports would be checked not only by the terms of the bill itself, but also by reprisals from foreign countries. Finally, there would be inevitable profiteering in the necessities of life.

Senator Penrose at first was understood to oppose this so-called Emergency Tariff Bill, but later declared he was in favor of it with amendments. Whether it can survive the process of amendment in the Senate remains to be seen.

The second remedy—credit—might be applied in several ways.

One form is to revive the War Finance Corporation. The objection to this is that it will arrest the present encouraging deflation and cause inflation. A bill to embody this suggestion, having passed both houses, was vetoed by the President on the ground that it would raise hopes it could not fulfill, and that war agencies should now be abolished, not revived; but it was passed over his veto, and is now law.

A second method would be to direct the Federal Reserve Board to permit the member banks of the Federal Reserve System to grant liberal extensions of credit to the farmers. But, as a matter of fact, the Board is doing all possible in that direction; its extensions of credit for ultimate agricultural aid during 1920 were nearly three times as much as during 1919. Hence Congress has dropped consideration of the measure.

Another proposal has been to extend the provisions of the Farm Loan Law so as to establish more Federal loan banks and to change their administration in character so that it should acquire co-operative features and come more and more into the hands of the farmers; at present the farmers lack means for co-operative effort in securing credit. Strange to say, Congress has not yet taken up this plan.

(C) Harris & Ewing

JOSEPH W. FORDNEY

Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in which the Emergency Tariff, or Fordney, Bill was framed

Still another measure proposed is that of a very long-time Government loan, part of which shall be tax-free; this part to be issued at a minimum of 4 per cent and the other part at a minimum of 6 per cent, the loan to be used to extend credit to the countries which wish to buy our goods but lack the necessary credit. Congress has yet to consider this proposal.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

IN a recent issue The Outlook warned its readers that the American Constitutional League, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, and the National Association Opposed to Prohibition have united in an attempt to stop what they believe is a dangerous tendency in this country to amend the United States Constitution. And how do they propose to reduce this dangerous tendency to make over the Constitution? By amending the Constitution! That is to say, they advocate a twentieth amendment, which shall provide that no State may ratify an amendment to the Constitution without electing a special convention for th purpose and without holding a popul referendum.

We took an exception, and still tak it, to this proposal of the American Co stitutional League. Mr. Everett Wheeler, Chairman of the League an a distinguished member of the Ne York bar, who speaks with authorit on Constitutional questions, thinks ou criticism is unsound. He writes to Th Outlook that in some States legislativ action upon the Eighteenth and Nin teenth Amendments was not deliberat and was the result of great politica pressure. He commends the statemen of The Outlook that "action and reflec tion and adequate information are th sheet anchors of democracy," and add that the proposal of the American Con stitutional League to change the pro cedure of State ratification is necessar to secure all these. He continues:

> Let me remind your readers that in every State in the Union except Delaware no amendment to the State Constitution can be adopted except as the result of a direct vote by the people of the State. What the States have with substantial unanimity adopted for themselves must equally be desirable for the Union.

We do not altogether follow Mr Wheeler's argument.

The States with substantial unanimity have adopted the plan of electing not only each its own chief executive, but al its principal executive officers as well According to Mr. Wheeler's argument therefore, it would be desirable for th people of the United States to elec not only the President, but also th entire Cabinet. The practically unani mous opinion of careful students o American government is for exactly the reverse—that the States should con form to the Federal practice.

One of the foremost constitutional phi losophers and authorities in the English speaking world, James (now Viscount) Bryce, has pointed out that the great weakness of American democracy lies in its State constitutions, and that it has practically been saved by its Federal Constitution. Aside from the humorous aspect of strict constructionists of the Constitution endeavoring to protect it from further amendment by amending it themselves, we seriously object to a change in the procedure of ratification because, as a matter of fact, popular votes on Constitutional questions have not proved to be as sound or as effective as legislative action.

WHY NOT CHANGE THE DATE OF THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION?

EVERY four years our Government has a stroke of paralysis. It coincides with the long interval between

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the President's election in November and his inauguration in March. A hundred and twenty years ago the new President was confronted by primitive conditions of saddle-horse and stage-coach travel to reach Washington for his inauguration. Now, however, there is no such excuse for delay. It is always ridiculous; it is sometimes pernicious; and once at least it was dangerous. After his election in 1860 Lincoln said:

> I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the months which intervene between now and my inauguration. . . . I who have been called upon to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force.

But if Lincoln could do nothing, his enemies did much. They made civil war inevitable.

In order to change this recurrent paralysis a Constitutional amendment may be necessary. Accordingly, two propositions have been made in Congress for such an amendment. One is by Senator Ashurst, of Arizona; it provides that the President shall be inaugurated on the third Monday in January, and, what is equally important, that the new Congress shall meet on the second Monday. The other and more debatable amendment was offered by Representative McArthur, of Oregon; it provides that the President shall be inaugurated on the second Monday in December and that Congress shall meet on the first Monday.

Recently we pointed out the importance of this change of inauguration to an earlier date.

We have long believed in the necessity for such a change. We are therefore all the more gratified that the resolutions to this effect have been introduced by a Democratic Senator and a Republican Representative. The reform is thus recognized as one apart from partisan politics.

NEGROES AND UNEMPLOYMENT

WIDELY published reports recently appeared in the press which told of a general round-up of unemployed Negroes in Buffalo, a round-up which, it was alleged, resulted in the terrorization of the Negro population of Buffalo and an enforced exodus from that city to the South. The real facts in the case have been sent us at our request by the Chief of Police, and by one of Buffalo's leading citizens who has personally investigated the situation at the instance of The Outlook. The latter writes:

> There were about 3,000 Negroes in this city, men, women, and children, when the great demand for additional labor caused many war industries to bring in Negroes from the South to do additional work. Naturally, these Negroes, most of them from rural localities, were absolutely unfamiliar with the conditions in the Northern cities. They were mostly of the happy-go-lucky character so common to-day among the young Negroes of the South. They readily obtained employment not calling for any particular skill, but calling for strength and willingness, and obtained this employment at wages they never dreamed of. They spent their money upon, for them, riotous living, often playing craps and other games to which they are addicted. They were willing to huddle together in small rooms to save rent, that they might have more money to spend in having a good time. Very few of them saved up any money. When the period of unemployment began, shortly before Thanksgiving, many of them at once began to feel the pinch, and the bad Negroes, of whom there were some, began to commit crimes. Thereupon the police arrested about 100 Negroes, largely upon suspicion, of whom, beyond doubt, a majority were innocent of any real crime. The majority of these Negroes were discharged, and only a few were convicted of crimes after trial or pleaded guilty to crimes because they were caught red-handed. The guilty Negroes were sentenced accordingly, and many of those who were discharged were thoroughly frightened, and either withdrew savings, where they had any, or borrowed money from friends and returned to the South.

HENRY F. ASHURST, SENATOR FROM ARIZONA

C. N. McARTHUR, REPRESENTATIVE FROM OREGON

This authority states that the percentage of unemployment among the Negroes of Buffalo does not differ much from the percentage of unemployment among the white laborers. He adds that the old resident Negroes of Buffalo have been substantially unaffected by the present increasing unemployment.

The Chief of Police states that the order for a general clean-up included whites as well as colored men, and the copy of the order which he sends us corroborates this statement. This order was given as a result of a very marked increase in crime. He says that in November there were twenty hold-ups in Buffalo, ten of which were perpetrated by white men and ten by colored men. During the same period there were sixty-three burglaries committed, two by whites and four by colored men, and fifty-seven of whom the authors were unknown.

According to the Buffalo "Express," a Negro attorney from New York has investigated the situation in Buffalo and reached the following conclusions:

> I have found the courts and the people of the city in sympathy with the Negro people. I have found that there was a real outbreak of crime in the city, and I know from my experience as an attorney that the police were justified in taking precautionary measures.

This Negro attorney puts his finger upon the real nub of the situation when, in discussing the Southern emigration to Buffalo, he says:

> When those boys began to come up from the South the Negro people of Buffalo should have taken measures to form societies to work among these boys to direct them along the right paths, to befriend them, and help them become useful citizens of the city.

Such clean-ups as took place in Buffalo and are taking place in many other American cities to-day are necessarily matters of local expediency rather than of real social benefit. It is of no Natonal advantage to drive the vicious element of one community to another community. As a method of social reform, the order to "move on" accomplishes nothing. It is very like the objectionable practice of dumping garbage over your neighbor's fence. If all the neighbors indulge in the same tactics, the community in the end will be back just where it started.

A SERVICE IN SIX LANGUAGES

ON Sunday, January 2, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, prayers were offered and addresses made in six languages for the recovery of the Mosque of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, to the Christian Church. The place of the late Bishop Burch, who had suggested the holding of this service, was appropriately taken by Bishop Darlington, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Commission of Episcopal Churches to Confer with the Eastern Orthodox and Old Catholic Churches. Bishop Darlington spoke in English. Bishop Stephan, a gorgeously robed prelate, spoke in Hungarian. The Rev. Father Kalimakos, pastor of the Greek Church in Brooklyn, who wore a long purple cape spangled with gold, spoke in Greek. The Very Rev. Basil Kerbawi, Dean of the Syrian Cathedral, Brooklyn, who was dressed in white silk, spoke in Arabic. The Rev. John Kromalny, also of Brooklyn, and Dean Terkevich, of

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the Russian Orthodox Cathedral, New York City, spoke in Russian. Archimandrite Dabovitch, of the Serbian Church, spoke in Serbian. Other prelates and priests representing various branches of the ancient Church of the East were present, dressed in the vestments peculiar to their orders. There was a stained-glass effect of scarlet, purple, pale blue, and dark red robes spangled with silver and gold.

The occasion was thus spectacular. But it was also impressive because of the union of ecclesiastical forces represented. As similar services were held in Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, and other places, attention is thus directed to the increasing movement to unite the Episcopal Church in America and the Church of England with the Eastern Orthodox Churches.

In many minds the question would be likely to arise whether the movement to bring together the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Eastern Orthodox Churches will do more to give spiritual impetus to the Eastern Churches than to give ecclesiastical impetus to the Episcopal Church. There is no better definition of the demands of the religion of the Bible than "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God." One would like to know what the Greek, Syrian, Russian, and Serbian churches have done in their respective countries to inspire the government with the spirit of justice, or what in Brooklyn and New York they are doing in works of mercy and charity analogous to the work done by the Episcopal Church in St. Luke's Hospital and in local parishes like those of Grace, St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and others.

Photograph by Henry Burton

FIGURES OF EGYPTIAN GIRLS BRINGING BASKETS OF WINE AND MEAT AND LIVE DUCKS TO THE TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE

SHADOWS OF OLD EGYPT

THERE is now gathered in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City a revealing collection of Egyptian antiquities. These remnants of a departed civilization have been dug largely from the tombs of the Nile Valley.

In a recent Museum report describing the work of excavating these tombs we came across a sentence which seemed to us strikingly suggestive. It reads: "The end of the war in November, 1918, found the work of the Expedition centered on its concession at Thebes under the direction of Ambrose Lansing, who had maintained the excavations single-handed during the two later years of the war." So while dynasties were tumbling in Europe there were those who labored among the tombs of dynasties which had passed from earth long before the Christian era. What is a thousand years more or less to an archæologist?

After the end of the war the Museum forces were augmented and the labor of these scientists was rewarded by the discovery in the tomb of Mehenkwetre, a chancellor and steward of the royal palace of the Eleventh Dynasty, who lived about 2000 B.C., of one of the finest collections of Egyptian statuettes which has yet been unearthed.

These statuettes, two of which are reproduced on this page, were buried with the bodies of Egyptian dignitaries to serve the spirits of the illustrious dead. In the tomb of Mehenkwetre were found not only such individual figures as we reproduce here, but miniature granaries, gardens, stables, breweries, slaughter-houses, carpenter shops, and almost every other adjunct of Egyptian life. From these strangely preserved models a vivid picture of Egyptian life may be recreated in almost every detail. We can see fishermen harpooning their fish or catching them in a seine drawn between two papyrus canoes. We can see traveling boats accompanied by floating kitchens, the traveling boat complete even to the detail showing a steward on guard over trunks pushed beneath a bunk just as we push our steamer trunks under bunks to-day!

Many of these little models were retained at the Museum in Cairo, which has the first choice of all the material excavated in Egypt, but others have found a home in the city of sky-scrapers on the shores of a continent which the Old World did not even know existed until three and a half thousand years after Mehenkwetre went to sleep among his carved attendants in a cave among the Theban hills.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

IN the tempest of emotionalism which has been sweeping over the world during the past month the French have kept their heads.

Inexperienced observers a year or two ago predicted revolution in France because they saw some of the workers marching the streets and because they heard excitable French Socialists talking about barricades and communes Descriptions of the French as unstable and emotional are, however, scarcely excusable after their exhibition of poise and determination in the war, and such descriptions ought to be impossible to any one who knows anything of the French rural population.

Again the French have given evidence of their sanity by the elections that were held on January 9. On that day one-third of the French Senate was chosen. The result was a gain for the Moderates. In America and England there are some so-called liberals inclined to be pacifistic and to be indulgent towards the Germans. These have allowed themselves to hope that the French elections would result in more power to the Radicals. They regard every one who is not willing to yield to most of Germany's demands as chauvinistic and reactionary. They were much irritated during the Peace Conference by whatever Clemenceau did to interfere with letting Germany down easily; and they were still more provoked with the refusal of Foch to yield French rights. They have therefore not concealed their hopes that the election in this case would reduce the power of the Moderates. The election, however, turned out, if anything, the other way.

It is not easy to tell from the despatches that come from Paris just what the situation is. Few American correspondents have been able to understand the French point of view. They very much overrate the influence of Radical Socialist journals, and take rather too seriously the utterances of the extreme monarchical party. There are many more shades of opinion represented by more or less organized parties in France than in the United States. Every French government must thus be to some extent a coalition government. Many of the changes that take place are only surface changes. As a matter of fact, in spite of the frequent changes of Ministry in France, the current of French foreign policy is likely to be even more steady in its flow than the current of foreign policy in America.

An interesting but perhaps not a very

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ignificant incident in the election was he success of the candidacy of M. Deschanel. For over thirty years he ad represented the Department of the Eure-et-Loire in the Chamber of Deputies. At the end of Poincaré's erm he was elected President of the tepublic. A severe illness, either the ·ause or the result of an accident in the ·ourse of a railway journey, caused his etirement from the Presidency. Now, aving sufficiently recovered his health, ie has been elected to the Senate and e-enters political life.

A PICTURE UNDER FIRE

THE OUTLOOK for December 29 contained an article on the problem of immigration which has called forth no little comment. One correspondent has put forward a criticism of this article which will be of interest to all those who are concerned with the well-being of the most important American industry—agriculture. This comment is based upon the caption of a picture which we used to illustrate the article on immigration. The illustration we re-reproduce on this page. The letter from our correspondent follows:

> I should like to take exception to the comment under the first illustration on page 764 of your issue of December 29—"America needs men like these on her fields but not in her cities." Such a statement seems to indicate a very inadequate idea of the needs of America's fields and, in a sense, is a libel upon American agriculture.
>
> The great need of the farms of America to-day is not brawn but brains. Farm work in this country has long since ceased to be merely a matter of manual labor. In the Middle West by far the greater part of it is performed through the use of machinery. Tractors, corn-huskers, manure-spreaders, milking-machines, etc., are rapidly becoming part of the equipment of every well-organized farm. As a result, an increasingly higher grade of labor is being needed on the farm, and at the present time the mental processes of the farm worker are of greater importance than his muscular power.
>
> There is more need for unthinking, untrained labor in the cities than in the country. Men in whom physical strength is dominant would serve the Nation better by acting as hod-carriers, street-sweepers, delivery-men, teamsters, etc., in the cities and towns than by attempting to engage in agricultural labor.
>
> The fact that a man has been a farm laborer in Europe—as some of the men pictured may have been—does not necessarily commend him for that work in America. There he was part of a peasant class in a system where man power meant hand power, where comparatively little use was made of machinery, and where there was not much opportunity for developing the mechanical skill necessary to the farmer of this country. There was of course even less chance for his mental development.
>
> To place these men, who are entirely unfitted to adopt the new agriculture, on our farms in large numbers would be a step—a long step—backward. The Federal Government and the agricultural colleges are together engaged in a campaign which is steadily widening the gap between American agriculture and peasant farming, and the time will undoubtedly come when no one will dare suggest that a man unfitted for other employment be engaged as an agricultural worker.
>
> DEETTE ROLFE.
>
> University of Illinois,
> Champaign, Illinois.

OF SUCH STUFF ARE NEIGHBORS MADE?

A correspondent protests against the caption which appeared under this picture in a previous issue. The whys and wherefores are discussed in an editorial on this page

The illustration which we selected to illustrate the phrase "America needs men like these on her fields but not in her cities" was chosen because the men in the picture seemed to us to represent a particularly fine type of prospective citizens. While undoubtedly of peasant stock, the men evoked, in our mind, no temptation, quoting Edwin Markham, to ask, "Who slanted back that brow?" The thought in the mind of the author of the article from which the caption of the picture was taken, we are sure, was only that our cities were overcrowded and that care should be taken to direct the incoming tide of immigration to those agricultural regions where labor was at present in demand.

If we have disposed of the thought that we had any idea that modern farming was a matter of brawn rather than brains, we should like to consider some of the other points which our correspondent raises.

Mr. Rolfe is entirely right when he says that the trend of American agriculture is away from peasant farming. In fact, statistics covering a great many years show that the American tendency has been to increase its yield per man at the expense of its yield per acre. Only in some of the truck-garden regions which frequently are controlled, in the East at least, by foreign labor is intensive agriculture practiced in accordance with European standards.

On one farm in New York State with which we have been familiar for a number of years we have watched the change from manual labor to machinery with a great deal of interest. A few years ago this particular farm gave employment to some ten laborers. To-day, by the use of milking-machines, tractors, gang plows, side-delivery rakes, and hay-loaders, much of the work formerly done by manual laborers has been concentrated in the hands of two well-paid men, both of whom are graduates of agricultural colleges. The day laborer of the old type is still employed in rush seasons and for such work as the digging of drainage ditches. Even this work might be done either by dynamite or by the use of machinery if the amount of work to be done warranted the purchase of a modern ditch-digger.

Of course many of our immigrants who were peasant farmers in the Old World are unsuited because of their lack of education and their mental limitations to play a leading part in American agriculture as it is practiced to-day. Any attempt to colonize such men in large numbers in American farming communities would be disastrous; but we are convinced that men of the type shown in our illustration, if properly

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distributed, would be a valuable acquisition in any farming section. Perhaps they themselves, in many cases, might not rise above the level of the day laborer, but their children and their children's children would be capable of playing their full part in American life.

Some of the most advanced agricultural communities in America to-day are largely peopled by the children of European peasants. We are thinking, for instance, of those dairy regions in the Middle West in the development of which the Danish immigrants have played so large a part. We suspect that many of the original immigrants to those sections would not appear to the casual observer to present any greater possibilities of development than the men whose pictures illustrated our recent article.

Of course the real problem involved in the distribution of intelligent agricultural labor is economic rather than social. The tide which is now running from the country to the city will not be turned by any fine-spun theories as to the type of man who ought to live in the country and the type of man best suited for city life. When American agriculture is placed on the same economic basis as American industry and the rewards for intelligent farming are made as great as rewards for intelligent industrial labor, there will be no need for the cry, "Back to the land!" Intelligent labor will gravitate to the country as surely as it now gravitates to the city. We know now how to manufacture farm products efficiently and scientifically. When we have learned to market these products with like efficiency, the labor tide will take care of itself.

NEITHER BOUQUETS NOR BRICKBATS BARRED

THE Outlook has announced five prize contests for 1921. The first contest of the series offers a due reward "for the best criticism of The Outlook and suggestions for its improvement."

One of the first letters which we have received commenting upon our offer contained the following sentence: "Why should I want to *criticise* The Outlook. I like it too much!" We are afraid that our all too complimentary friend has fallen into a very common error in her understanding of the word "criticism." Criticism has come in popular parlance to mean fault-finding and carping. It is actually "the art of judging of and defining the qualities or merits of a thing." It is an "act of discrimination or discussion of merit, character, or quality." The fact that a word which primarily had simply the meaning of careful judgment has come to signify reproach and condemnation leads to an interesting speculation. Has the change occurred because we are all a tribe of pessimists reveling in destruction, or because there are more bad things to *criticise* than good?

What The Outlook, of course, hopes to receive from its readers is a large group of letters containing constructive criticism in the primary sense of that word. We want letters which will tell us what features of The Outlook are of most service to our readers, we want letters pointing out wherein we have failed to meet the needs of those who look to The Outlook for entertainment, information, and interpretation of current life.

Our contest is really an invitation to our subscribers to sit around the editorial council table with The Outlook staff and help its editors to make The Outlook a better journal. Those of The Outlook's editorial council wish to share with their readers the responsibility of producing a paper which will fill an increasingly significant place in American life.

There remain after the date of this issue only twelve days in which to take part in The Outlook's editorial council. The conditions governing the conference contest are to be found on page 112 of this issue.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

THE New York stage this winter has been rich in plays of more than usual vitality. But no theater-goer expects or really wants to find in every play a drama which he can classify as "significant" or "intriguing" or by any similar term which happens to be in fashion among the over-cephalized *jeunesse*. It is a quite legitimate proceeding to go to a play with the hope of being entertained and amused, leaving one's critical vocabulary safely locked up at home in the top bureau drawer. Plays which satisfy this hope may not linger long in the mind, but they have served their purpose if they provide the spectator with an evening of wholesome pleasure. In this class plainly belongs "Little Old New York," a play the scene of which is laid in Manhattan Island in the days when the first Astor ruled supreme, when the first of the Vanderbilts was running a ferry to Staten Island, when the original Delmonico was peddling sandwiches, and when Harlem was only a remote place in the country.

The sound of such names to a New Yorker provides a ready substitute for real local color and for genuine character-drawing. After seeing a young Italian labeled "Delmonico" with a basket of sandwiches under his arm, the New York theater-goer is quite likely to be moved to pound his seat-mate on the back and enthusiastically exclaim: "What a picture of New York life in the old days!" Shift the scene a bit and change the name to McCormick or Pullman, shift the scene a bit farther and substitute that of Fair or Crocker, and the citizen of Chicago or San Francisco will doubtless rise to the bait with the same avidity.

The plot of "Little Old New York" involves an absurdity dear to stage tradition, an absurdity which did not even daunt the Shakespearean imagination, so perhaps it can be forgiven in the work of the author of "Little Old New York." The absurdity to which we refer is the idea that a girl can don boy's clothes and live for months in close companionship with an assorted variety of men and women without arousing the slightest suspicion of the deceit. But if Rosalind could do it, why not "Pat" in "Little Old New York"?

It appears when the curtain rises that a young blood of the tribe of Delavan has been left a fortune to be given him if a missing nephew of his stepfather has not been found within a year. The last day of the year is up as the curtain rises and finds young Delavan carousing with his cronies, who are labeled Fitz-Greene Halleck (secretary of the elder Astor) and Washington Irving. On the fateful day, however, as he is celebrating his expected fortune, there arrive from Ireland the missing boy and his father. The father dies (off stage) and Delavan is left with an unwelcome ward upon his hands and an empty purse. The part of the ward is played by Genevieve Tobin, whose picture appears upon the next page. The spectators are soon let into the "secret" that the dainty Genevieve is a girl who has masqueraded as her dead brother in order that the fortune may be kept from young Delavan.

Delavan is an inventor whose labors have been directed towards the perfection of the steam-engine. In company with young Cornelius Vanderbilt he is planning to establish the first steamship line. The loss of his expected heritage and his gambling deprive him of his chance to initiate the venture. In a desperate attempt to rehabilitate his fortunes he backs a prize-fighter, pledging his home as security for his bet. The prize-fight occurs. Bully Brewster,

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whom he fancies, fails to justify his reputation, and the hopes of Delavan go glimmering. The prize-fight itself, played in a fire-house before a motley collection of thugs, firemen, and bloods, is one of the most marvelous exhibitions of unreality which we have been fortunate enough to witness upon the stage in a long time. We suppose that managers confronted with the task of staging prize-fights are at a bit of a handicap. They have to use their prize-fighting actors over again so often, eight times a week, including evening performances and matinées, that these gentlemen are doubtless forced to be sparing of their blows. They certainly were in this play, but they should at least have known how to "put up their dukes" in a workmanlike fashion.

At the crucial moment of the fight, if such a fight could be said to have a crucial moment, the masquerading step-cousin rings the fire-bell and empties the fire-house of both contenders and spectators. As a result of this well-intentioned maneuver young Delavan loses his bet, acquires a reputation as a welcher, and "Pat" himself is summoned before the City Council on the charge of inciting riot. To save Delavan's venture and to clear himself of the charge, "Pat" discloses the fact that he is not himself, but herself. Of course the elder Astor, head of the Council, relents, and of course—but why, with the present price of white paper, trouble to report news of a *dénouement* which it will require no great feat of imagination on the part of our readers to supply for themselves?

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

Miss Tobin, in the leading part, is delightful to look upon, whether she appears in the garb of a boy or the finery of a girl. If her voice is at times too saccharine and if her Irish brogue is strictly Tobinesque rather than Hibernian, why should the auditor worry? Miss Tobin and her capable support have held the attention of New York audiences for many weeks, and that, doubtless, was all that the producer of "Little Old New York" expected them to do. There are not many of us who can meet even so limited a test of success.

A FRENCH VIEW OF SENATOR HARDING'S ELECTION

LAST July we printed a letter from a Frenchman which had been addressed to Princess Radziwill, a Russian by birth, a Frenchwoman by marriage, but now an American by adoption. This Frenchman, who is a well-known politician and journalist, defended the reluctance of the American people to enter the League of Nations as framed at Paris. He frankly said that large bodies of French people could not understand the reluctance of the United States to follow blindly the leadership of President Wilson into the League of Nations. But he concluded his letter with these words: "Personally, knowing France as I do, I feel quite certain that her present opinion will undergo a change and that within a short time she will be the first one to appreciate the generous conduct of the American Nation and to remember it in the right spirit." Princess Radziwill now sends us a second letter from this French correspondent. It deals with French opinion regarding the recent Presidential election and is well worth reading.

AS you may imagine, the news that Senator Harding had been elected was received with a feeling of relief, not only here in France, but also all over Europe—from what I hear, because, more or less, everybody has by now come to the conclusion that, though crowned heads were very mischievous things to deal with, swollen heads are even worse, for they can through their obstinacy bring about far more misfortunes and be the cause of a great many more misunderstandings among nations. And at the present moment it appears as if there existed nothing but misunderstandings between all the people of the earth, which has become a real Tower of Babel from the political point of view. In fact, if you ask me for my candid opinion, I will tell you that as regards Europe I do not believe

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that it can ever come to its senses by its own merits. It requires guidance by a man endowed with common sense and outside of all the party questions which divide it at the present moment. Such a man President Harding alone can be, and let us hope will be. He can, if not restore actual peace in Europe, at least establish there a *modus vivendi*, thanks to which the world will be able to recover its compromised equilibrium, and return to work, if not quite to life again. And if he consents to assume the part of a conscientious doctor for all the insane people contained in this vast lunatic asylum called Europe, he will be indeed a great man, though he may be considered only a second-rate one by his adversaries in his own country, a fact which ought not to trouble him, because as the old proverb says, "No one is considered a prophet at home."

What we require here the most just now is the voice of sober common sense telling us that this is not the time to quarrel and to put personal interests before those of mankind, which we all of us are doing at the present moment. France, England, and Italy, as well as all the other nations composing this huge joke called the League of Nations, are each of them pulling the cart on a different side and trying to give to general politics the direction which they consider individually the most useful to themselves, and to themselves only. Unity of action has disappeared in the world, and it would indeed be a mercy if a supreme command in regard to the conduct of international politics could be established on the same lines as was done in regard to the Allied armies at the critical stage of the Great War. Look, for instance, at this Greek affair. Neither Frence nor England seems to know what they have to do nor what they ought to do in regard to it. To recognize Constantine would be like giving one's self a box on the ear, and yet it is to-day an acknowledged fact that much of what was said against this monarch was invented by a very cleverly conducted and executed propaganda. His greatest fault was to wish to remain neutral, and so of course he had to be put out of the way. To-day our so-called politicians will not see that their best course would be to bow down before accomplished facts and to try to make the best out of them by putting certain conditions to Constantine, which the latter now would be but too glad to accept, but which he may not be as ready to submit to after the plebiscite has taken place and given him, as it is almost certain it will give him, the majority which he requires to return to Greece and rule it according to the wishes of the Greeks themselves, rather than according to the real wishes of the Allies.

In regard to Poland and to the soviets, we are making the same kind of mistake. The Poles are no real friends of France, and to support them is to court disappointment. As for the soviets, the only sound policy would be to give them as much rope as possible for them to hang themselves on, but not to transform them into martyrs, which we are trying to do at present. The time for foreign interference in Russia has passed away. It would have met with success one year ago, but then no one would see it, so we allowed the opportunity to slip away from us and gave time to the patriotic feelings of the few real Russians still left in Russia to assert themselves and to rally around Lenine for the greatest triumph of the Bolsheviki. And please do not forget that Bolshevism at present is no longer confined to Russia, but has spread everywhere, even if it is not master everywhere. No, the more I look round me, the less chance do I see for Europe to recover from her condition of distress and chaos unless she gets rid of her present leaders and accepts the advice of some sane politician outside the sphere of her own politics, such as Senator Harding undoubtedly would prove himself to be if he cared to assume such a part.

Therefore we are looking forward to the month of March when, perhaps, America will take pity upon us, take the lead, and try to drag us out of the mire. It *is* a mire, indeed, into which we have fallen, and the more we struggle the more deeply do we get submerged in it. The war was to have brought about the end of old feuds between the Allies, but instead of doing so it has, on the contrary, aroused new subjects of disaccord and new causes for quarrels. It has especially aroused new personal enmities between different statesmen. To-day Lloyd George hates Millerand, while Monsieur Millerand does not care for Lloyd George. Italy dislikes France, Poland abominates England, and Germany abominates everybody and dreams only of the day when between the everlasting dissensions of her enemies she will find the opportunity quickly to snatch away some advantage out of them, which she will not fail to do. And the Bolshevik, who is ever on the watch, will smile in his sleeve and discount the day when he alone will be the master everywhere.

To conclude, the general situation of Europe can be defined by five words: She is in a mess. Let us hope that America will show herself the good Samaritan and that the good sense of Senator Harding will pull her out of this mess. Otherwise we shall all go under, and this America cannot afford to let us do.

LOOKING FORWARD AS WE GLANCE BACKWARD

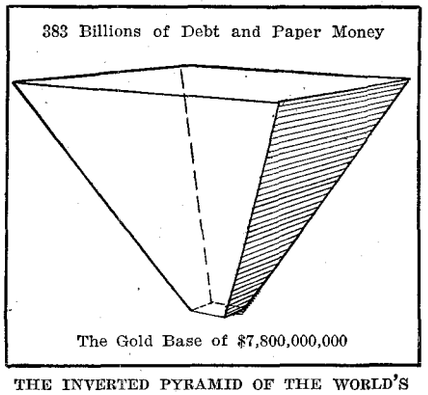
BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

THIS will not be a chronological record of the year's happenings in the world of business. Even if it were possible to compile such a record, which is doubtful, it would be too long to print, very few would read it, and it would have but little value.

For it is not true that history repeats itself and that we can best judge the future by the past. History does not repeat itself, because men and conditions are never the same and progress would be impossible if we insisted that the future should conform to and be measured by the standards of the past.

No; the World War has given us an absolutely novel and hitherto unthinkable set of conditions to consider. As yet we understand them but poorly; it is doubtful whether we shall ever comprehend them fully, and in attempting to shape our course as we sail the unknown seas of present-day finance our chief reliance must be common sense, aided by the sounding line, the sextant, the compass, and the log. These are all devices which enable us to ascertain existing facts, and it is by reference to them, rather than to the history of the past, that we must now be guided.



THE INVERTED PYRAMID OF THE WORLD'S DEBT AND PAPER MONEY, THE AREA OF THE GOLD BASE BEING TWO PER CENT OF THE TOP

The twelve months now ending have, for instance, brought us face to face with an enlargement of the world's credit structure that was by every one regarded as impossible six years ago, when all economists were predicting a

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short war because a long one could not be financed.

According to a recent compilation by Mr. O. P. Austin, statistician of the National City Bank of New York, the national debt of all nations is now about $300,000,000,000 and their aggregate issues of paper money amount to an additional $83,000,000,000. Against these obligations, which are figured at the par or gold value of the currencies in which they are payable, there is held a total gold reserve of only about $7,800,000,000, or but little over two per cent. We have thus an inverted pyramid of government credit standing upon a base which in area is only one-fiftieth of its overhanging top. If drawn to scale, it would look somewhat like the diagram on the opposite page.

Superimposed upon this huge and perilously poised credit structure there is an unknown but enormous amount of other debt, including the commercial and financial obligations of the world, as well as the sums borrowed by its cities, counties, and subordinate political divisions. While we were at war and it was a question of keeping the armies in the field at any cost the peril of this inverted pyramid was disregarded, but with the advent of peace it has been recognized, and around the fact of its recognition the more important developments of the year 1920 are grouped.

It had been hoped that with the signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities there would be some reduction in debt and taxation, but the reverse has happened, and Mr. Austin's compilation shows that during the years 1919 and 1920 the world's loans and paper money taken together increased by about $129,000,000,000.

Seemingly it has become impossible to check the borrowing and extravagance to which most governments became habituated during the war, and wise men have commenced to fear that unless they are checked the inverted pyramid may topple over and carry the entire credit structure down with it.

In the United States this fear has had a double effect. It has caused a severe decline in the market for foreign exchange, where the credit of the various nations is measured, and it has led certain bankers and Government officials to sermonize about the need of "deflation" with a seriousness that alarmed people and induced a general liquidation that has carried prices down all over the world. It is, however, noteworthy that this so-called "deflation" has not been followed by any reduction in bank loans in this country. They are as large as ever.

The reduction in the National debt is not appreciable. The chief result of the decline in prices that has been brought about is to diminish the money value of our foreign trade balance and to double the taxes (other than income taxes) of the farmer, the miner, and the wage-earner as measured in terms of what they produce. Lest this statement may not be understood, it should perhaps be explained that the taxes on houses and land, which amount to an enormous sum annually, do not vary with the income of the owner, and that it takes a larger proportion of a lower wage and about twice as much cotton, wheat, or copper to pay them as was required a year ago.

Inasmuch as most of the debt now outstanding was incurred to meet our disbursements when money was worth less because commodities were much higher than at present, it seems rather unjust to demand that its principal or the interest on it shall be paid in money that is worth more.

It is rather like lending one barrel of flour and insisting that two shall be returned. For this reason and because no reduction in loans has followed the decline in prices it is to be hoped that the financial powers that be will soon see the futility of attempting to bring about deflation by depressing values. Whether it be intentional or not, it is in effect an effort on the part of the capitalistic classes to exact the repayment of the loans they made during the war in money of a much greater purchasing power, and as this becomes better understood the resentment excited will be more and more intense.

There is only one way to deflate, and that is by taxation which will produce enough revenue to enable the government to reduce its debts as well as to pay interest on them.

The interest on the national debts of $300,000,000,000 now outstanding is estimated by Mr. Austin at $12,000,000,000 annually. A sinking fund that would amortize these debts in fifty years would call for about $4,000,000,000 a year in addition. Will the people shoulder this taxation? In so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, the answer is yes; but of the war-ravaged nations of Central Europe one cannot be so sure, and in making our calculations for the future we should take into account the shock that will follow a formal repudiation or admission of insolvency by one or more of these Powers. That such an event has been largely discounted by the prices at which bills of exchange on the Continent are selling is true.

The effect externally would not be great, but the internal political disorganization that might come about in Germany, for instance, would be serious if the mark ceased to have an exchangeable value; and the same statement is true of other countries whose currencies are seriously depreciated. As we enter the New Year all other questions become relatively unimportant when compared with that of whether the governments of the world can and will stop spending money unnecessarily and collect enough taxes to reduce their debts gradually.

An agreement to disarm is one essential to the necessary debt reduction.

A universal willingness to work and to work hard is another.

During the war we thought we were better off because we were able to get more for our labor or the things we owned. We came to believe that we were growing richer because we got bigger wages or bigger prices for what we sold.

But our gains have been more or less illusory. While we received more, we spent more; but we felt richer nevertheless, and the feeling made us lazy, inefficient, and "choosy" about the job we would accept.

The process through which we are now passing, euphemistically called "readjustment," is probably the only way in which we can learn the oft-taught and oft-forgotten lesson that work and self-denial are essential to real happiness and prosperity.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," should be our motto for the coming year.

For those who apply it there can be no hard times, for adversity will flee when industry appears.

NEXT WEEK

A FORESTRY NUMBER

WHEN forest fires roar through the tops of great firs and rage with furnace heat in the undergrowth, the fighting spirit of the forest rangers is often taxed to the limit. The old defensive measures of felling trees and digging trenches in the path of the fire are rapidly passing into history. The war has placed a new technique into the hands of the foresters. It is thrillingly described by Laurence La Tourette Driggs in a story entitled "Fighting Forest Fires from the Air," which appears next week.

Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, contributes to the same issue a thought-provoking article entitled "America's Forests — A Heritage and a Hope." He outlines the kind of National forest policy that he believes should be adopted.

"Guarding the Nation's Wood-Lot" is contributed by E. T. Allen, forester of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. He tells us that we are using and burning fifty-six billion board feet of timber each year, and points out the importance of averting a timber famine.

Each article will be illustrated.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) Kadel & Herbert

A DEMONSTRATION THAT PRECIPITATED D'ANNUNZIO'S DOWNFALL IN FIUME

Here is Fiume's main street at the time of a procession that favored the Regular Army of Italy. D'Annunzio's surrender soon followed

(C) Keystone

A PROHIBITION CRUSADE IN A MEXICAN TOWN

The evils of the drink traffic recently caused the authorities of this Mexican town, we are informed, to destroy all alcoholic beverages. The effects of their crusade, it is to be feared, will not be enduring unless they extend their operations also to pulque, the Mexican drink which is so popular among all classes of the natives

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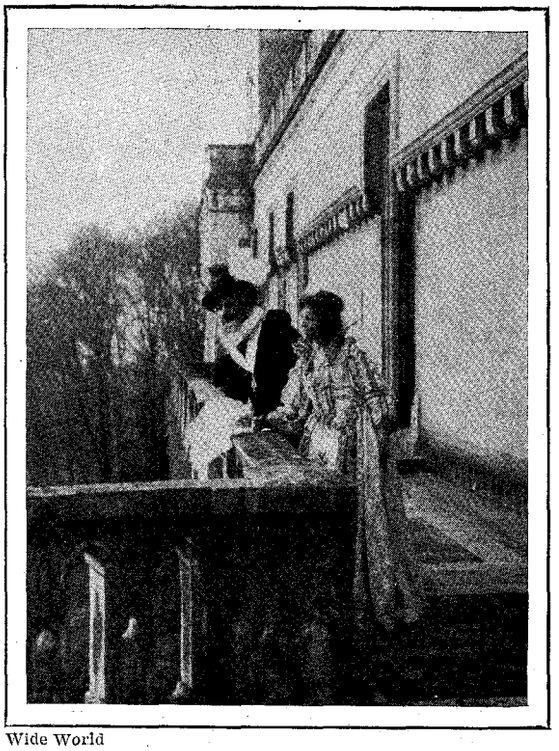
Wide World

A CELEBRATION AT WITTENBERG, GERMANY, OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNING OF THE POPE'S BULL BY LUTHER

Luther, with characteristic boldness, met the Pope's condemnation of his "errors" by burning the bull



Wide World

A CELEBRATION AT PAU, SOUTHERN FRANCE, OF THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNION OF THE PROVINCE OF BÉARN WITH FRANCE

Henry IV, King of Navarre and Prince of Béarn, appears in front of his castle with a lady of the Court

International

WHERE LABOR IS CHEAP

This unusual picture shows how Japanese women laborers load a big passenger vessel with coal. The scene is at Nagasaki, Japan. The women do not carry up the coal, but act as an endless chain in passing the baskets

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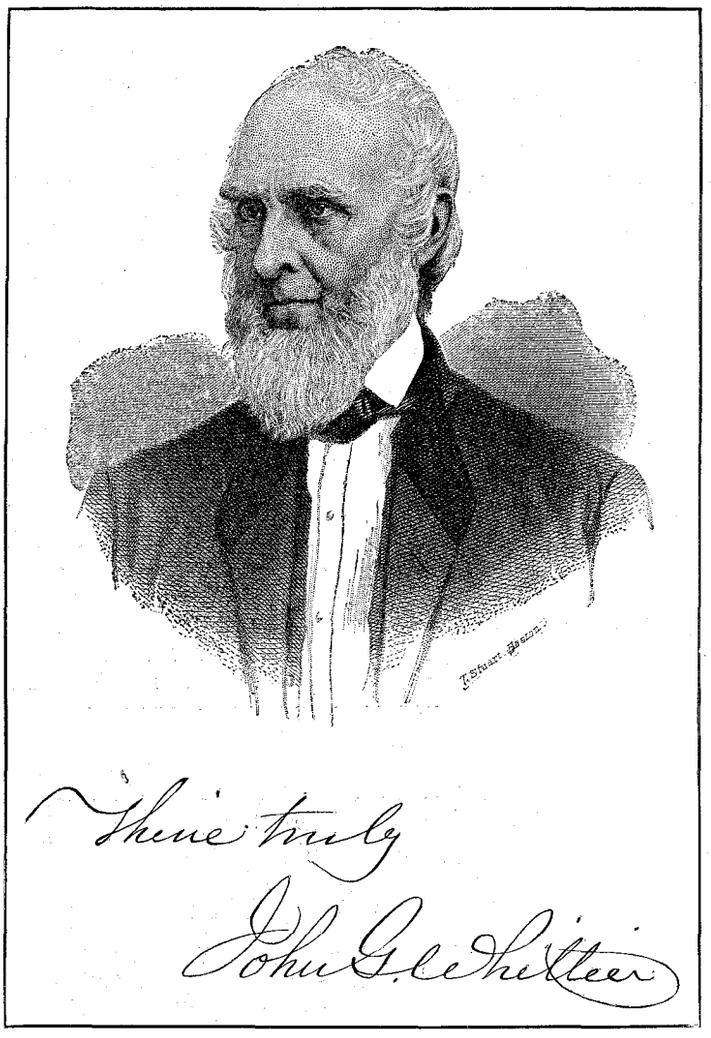
SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

JOHN G. WHITTIER, MYSTIC



"No one could call his face handsome; it was better, it was beautiful. The features were homely, though the forehead was high and the eyes were luminous. His face was a transparency; the spirit within lighted it up"

"WHITTIER," says Mr. Higginson, "was a politician before he was a reformer." In 1832 he would probably have been nominated for Congress, but had not quite reached the Constitutional age of twenty-five years when the election occurred. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Clay, for whom he wrote several spirited campaign poems; but when the slavery issue arose he was drawn into the anti-slavery ranks. He at first co-operated with Garrison, but could not agree in either temper or methods with that acidulous reformer. If not a leader, he was a wise counselor in the gradually developing party of liberty. He unsuccessfully urged the Liberty party not to make a separate nomination for President in 1860. "Do not gratify your enemies by making any nomination," he wrote to Elizur Wright. After the Mexican War he urged his fellow-abolitionists not to oppose the admission of Texas into the Union, but to fight against its admission as a slave State. He was mobbed for his anti-slavery utterances and on one occasion his life was in serious peril. If his health had permitted, he might perhaps have been a political leader in those troublous times, for he had principles, courage, tact, and ambition. But he was without means. "My brother and myself," he wrote, "are almost constantly engaged in the affairs of our small farm." And he was without health. In 1830 his physician warned him that he had not a year to live unless he gave up his political work. From the storm and stress of political campaigning he was driven to quieter but more enduring activity with his pen.

When I knew him, this was all past history. The Civil War was over; the slave was emancipated; abolition was an accomplished fact. If my treacherous memory can be trusted, I first met him some time in the seventies in the hospitable home of Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts. I wonder if there is any man of wealth in our time whose home is dedicated to the uses to which their beautiful home in Newtonville was dedicated by Mr. and Mrs. Claflin. It was a meeting-place of preachers, authors, reformers. I lay down my pen for a moment and recall them—men and women all of whom have now joined the choir invisible. Mrs. Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, John B. Gough, John G Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, are a few of those in the procession which passes before me. Once I attended a house party given by Mrs. Claflin to a selected company, parents and children, gathered from the North End of Boston for their poverty and their need. A gaunt woman, one of the guests, approached the hostess with the question, "What made you think of doing this? Jesus Christ told you, didn't he?" "Yes," said Mrs. Claflin, "I guess he did." "I thought so," was the reply. "I knew you couldn't have thought of it yourself."

Mrs. Claflin in her "Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier" reports a conversation between Whittier and Emerson from which defenders of the faith might well take a lesson in theological tactics:

> *Whittier.* I suppose thee would admit that Jesus Christ is the highest development our world has seen.
>
> *Emerson.* Yes, yes, but not the highest it will see.
>
> *Whittier.* Does thee think the world has yet reached the ideals he has set for mankind?
>
> *Emerson.* No, no, I think not.
>
> *Whittier.* Then is it not the part of wisdom to be content with what has been given us, till we have lived up to that ideal? And when we need something higher Infinite Wisdom will supply our needs.

I wonder what Emerson replied.

In the summer of 1878 I called on Mr Whittier in his country home, Amesbury, Massachusetts. Had he invited me when I met him at the Claflins? Or had I a letter of introduction to him? Or, being a journalist, had I more enterprise than modesty? I do not know. I only remember with what hospitality I was received and how gladly I accepted the invitation to stay to dinner. Of Amesbury I have no recollection whatever. Indeed, I am not sure whether it was at Amesbury I found him. That was forty-two years ago, and the picture I retain is faded. All I remember is a story-and-a-half New England cottage by the roadside, simple furniture, a simple meal, two middle-aged ladies

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who were apparently the joint housekeepers, and the poet-prophet himself. He must have then just passed his seventieth year. No one could call his face handsome; it was better, it was beautiful. The features were homely, though the forehead was high and the eyes were luminous. Photographs but illy represent him. For his face was a transparency; the spirit within lighted it up; and photographs rarely, the older photographs never, interpret the spirit. His illuminated face has made quite real to me the picture in Exodus of Moses when he descended from the mount where he had talked with God and "his face shone." Whittier's was a shining face.

Mr. Whittier's friends have told me that he rarely talked about himself. I can well believe it. I do not recall that he told me anything about his early adventures as an anti-slavery reformer. I know that I was surprised when long after I learned from his biographers of his political ambitions and activities. But that afternoon it was the poet and prophet, not the reformer, whom I met; and he talked freely with me of his religious experience. Perhaps he realized that he was talking to a comrade of half his years who was eager to get the light and life he had to give. Perhaps it was because his thought was not upon himself, but wholly upon that light and life, as was my thought also. Why did I not go back to my hotel in Boston and write it all down while it was fresh in my recollection? I do not know, except that I had from my early youth a prejudice against the diaries and journals so popular at that time and never have kept one myself, save in occasional starts, soon abandoned. Nor shall I attempt now to recall that sacred conversation. But it led to some brief correspondence, and that I may put before the reader because in that Mr. Whittier will speak for himself.

Going back to my editorial office, I presently wrote to him asking him for an article on the religion of the spirit. The reader must remember that at that time such books as Sabatier's "Religion of the Spirit," Matheson's "The Spiritual Experience of St. Paul," Hocking's "God in Human Experience," were very few, and such as existed were little known. In reply to my request I received the following letter:

Bearcamp River House
West Ossipee, N. H.
4th 9 Mo. 1878

My dear Friend:

I wish I could comply with thy request, but the state of my health at this time forbids it.

I entirely agree with thee. The only safe and impregnable position in these days is the doctrine of the Divine Immanence—the inward Guide and Teacher. What Fenelon calls "the inexpressible voice of Christ in the soul." Believing and feeling this we have nothing to fear from the revelation of science or the criticism which assails the letter and the creed.

In the Sept. Atlantic I have endeavored to give expression to the mystics of the Romish Church in the 15th century who were believers in a purely spiritual religion, independent of creed, ritual or even the outward letter of Scripture.

The only real proof of the inspiration of the sacred books is that we find the laws and the prophets in our own souls—that our hearts burn within, as we walk with Christ through the New Testament—that the hymns of David have been sung in our own hearts—that the Sermon on the Mount accords with our intuitions.

Have thee ever read Barclay's Apology or Dymond's Essays on Moral Philosophy? The subject is well treated in them.

I am very truly
thy friend
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly" to which he refers was "The Vision of Echard," now familiar to the readers of his works. From it I venture to extract four verses because by this letter he makes it clear that the vision of Echard is also the vision of John G. Whittier:

For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch His empty grave,
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.

O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego;
Who listens to His inward voice
Alone of Him shall know.
. . . . . .
My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul.
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder roll.

The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.

The above letter from Mr. Whittier was written, as the reader will see, in September, 1878. In May, 1879, he wrote me again on this subject. The "Friends' Review" had published what was intended to be a commendation of a religious article of mine in the "Christian Union." What that article was I do not know, and I have not thought it worth while to spend any time in looking it up; for the object of this sketch is not to define or to defend my own theological opinions, but to interpret the spiritual faith of Mr. Whittier, or, rather, to give the reader Mr. Whittier's own interpretation of that faith. The paragraph in the "Friends' Review" to which Mr. Whittier refers and which he had cut out and sent to me in his letter was this. His comment follows the extract.

> Lyman Abbott points out how dim is the light given to men by the Spirit compared with the full blaze of the revelation of God and of His truth given in the Gospel. Also how the effect of the light vouchsafed to men immediately begets a longing for a personal Saviour—leads to Christ.

Danvers
5 Mo 6 1879

My dear Friend:

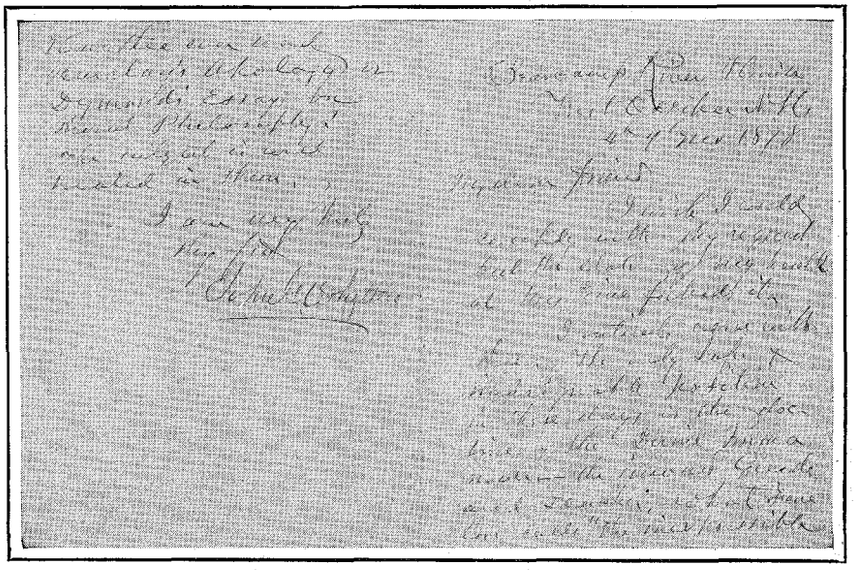
I enclose to thee a notice of the S.S. Lesson in the Christian Union on Job xxxiii 14–30 which appeared in the Friends' Review, (a paper which professes to advocate Friends' principles)—of the 12th ult.

It is evident that the writer has greatly misrepresented thy views, so contrary to those expressed in some of the Editorials. If the light given *immediately* by the Holy Spirit is *dim,* what must that be which comes to us through the medium of human writers in an obsolete tongue? Is the bible more and better than the Spirit which inspired it? Shall the stream deny the fountain?

The writer in the Review evidently has abandoned the root principle of the early Friends and really has no reliance upon anything but the *letter.*

Thy friend
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In my library there has been accumulated a large amount of material—letters, pamphlets, newspaper reports



FACSIMILE OF FIRST AND LAST PAGES OF A LETTER TO DR. ABBOTT FROM MR. WHITTIER, WRITTEN AT WEST OSSIPEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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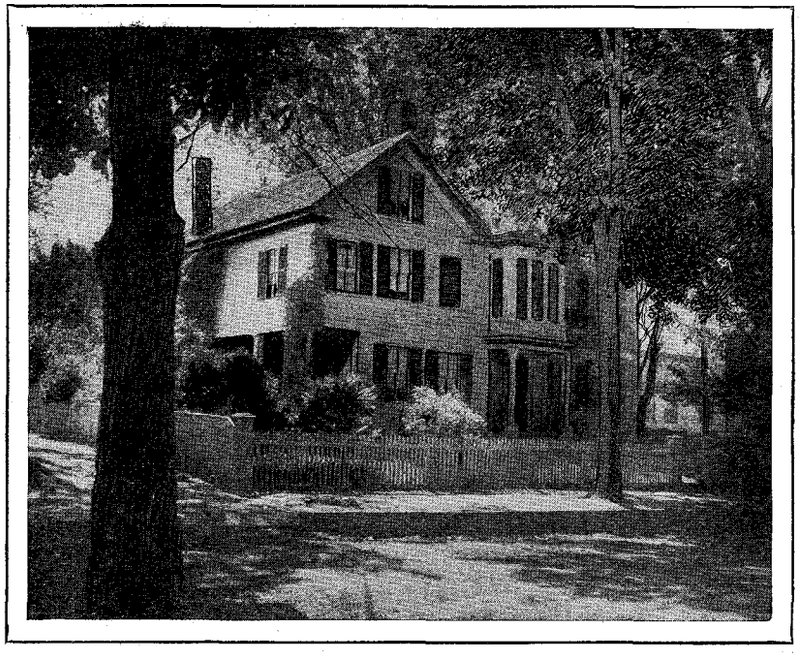
of sermons and lectures and the like. In this material I have found a sermon of mine on "John G. Whittier's Theology," preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1893. It is said in this sermon that the faith once delivered to the saints is not a creed or form of doctrine; "it is always a personal experience in the heart of the individual" —"a seed planted which takes on many forms and many growths." I quote here a few sentences from an embodiment or expression of this faith in the biography of John G. Whittier, from which I quoted more fully in that sermon.[1]

> God is One; just, holy, merciful, eternal and almighty, Creator, Father of all things. Christ the same eternal One, manifested in our Humanity, and in Time; and the Holy Spirit the same Christ, manifested within us, the Divine Teacher, the Living Word, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.
>
> The Scriptures are *a* rule, not *the* rule of faith and practice, which is none other than the living, omnipresent spirit of God. The Scriptures are a subordinate, secondary, and declaratory rule, the reason of our obedience to which is mainly that we find in them the eternal precepts of the Divine Spirit, declared and repeated, to which our conscience bears witness.
>
> My ground of hope for myself and for humanity is in that Divine fullness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings, and self-sacrifice of Christ. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I humbly, yet very hopefully trust.
>
> I am not a Universalist, for I believe in the possibility of the perpetual loss of the soul that persistently turns away from God, in the next life as in this. But I do believe that the Divine love and compassion follow us in all worlds, and that the Heavenly Father will do the best that is possible for every creature he has made. What that will be must be left to his infinite wisdom and goodness.



THE WHITTIER HOME AT AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Mrs. Emily B. Smith, who in response to The Outlook's request of the postmaster at Amesbury has sent us this photograph, accompanies it with this statement: "The Whittier Home Association of Amesbury has recently purchased this house, which was the home of John Greenleaf Whittier for over fifty years, the purchase including the furniture, pictures, and books owned by him, with certain manuscripts"

Writing this sketch as I am approaching my eighty-fifth birthday, I accept this admirably clear and comprehensive statement as an adequate expression of my own spiritual faith, developed by over sixty years of Bible study and Christian teaching; and I gratefully wonder if I am not more indebted for that faith to John G. Whittier's influence than I have ever before realized.

[1] I presume that this expression of Whittier's faith is to be found in the authorized biography by Samuel T. Rickard, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Among his contemporaries whom Dr. Abbott will portray in later "Snap-Shots" are President Hayes, John B. Gough, and Edwin Booth

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? ROUGH STUFF?

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

SEEKING information regarding an unusual amount of discontent in a certain large Chicago industrial plant, I stepped into the office of one of the union labor leaders of Chicago.

"I want to know," I said, as the secretary handed me a cigar, "*what* is the trouble at Mr. So and So's plant?"

"Well," was the quick response, "you've been through the works; what *is* the trouble?"

"I have formed my own ideas," I replied. "The reason I came here was to find out if you had arrived at the same conclusion."

"All right," he said. "Fair enough. It only takes a few words to make a full explanation. All the trouble in that plant is caused by incompetent foremen. They pay good wages; they have good working conditions; the men believe that the 'old man' is all right; but every foreman in the place can swear in eight languages and for genuine snobbery they are unequaled. The men simply can't stand them, that's all, and that's why they have thirty per cent labor turnover each month. Is that what you found?"

"Correct," I answered. "I haven't been through the plant long enough to figure out if there is any other cause of trouble, but I do know that the foremen, or at least the few I met, gave me the creeps."

"Well," mused the labor leader, "it is certainly remarkable that a company would go to all the trouble and expense of equipping a great factory, installing the latest and most efficient machinery, engage in constructive educational work throughout the plant, put in restaurants and other conveniences for employees, and then entirely ignore the greatest asset of them all: good will at the point of contact—the subforeman. Whenever a subforeman pulls a 'boner,' it naturally reflects back up the line. When the foreman continually manifests insolence, indifference, and intolerance, the workers in his crew quite naturally become convinced that the foreman is only reflecting the spirit of the master foremen, superintendents, managers, and president, when, as a matter of fact, the probability exists that the president, managers, superintendents, and master foremen are totally ignorant of the attitude shown the men by the subforemen, and the management really strongly disapproves of the underforeman's insolent method."

I fully agreed. However, if the president, superintendents, and master foremen are awake, I do not see how it is possible for an underforeman to con-

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tinue to use undesirable methods without their approval. If the master foremen and superintendents mingle with the men at times, as they should, arrogant, unreasonable foremen would be quickly called to account. If the plant owner would periodically ramble through his plant, sit down and question the men, it would be impossible for the superintendent to get by with policies that did not meet with his approval.

It's a simple matter; it doesn't take long, although it is quite true that the plant during a hot Tuesday afternoon is not as desirable a place as the cool, green grass of a golf course. I feel that automobiles, silver-knobbed golf clubs, and other fads are cheating workingmen out of many opportunities to understand their executives more clearly. There is nothing that will bring such instantaneous favorable response from workingmen as personal contact with the president of the company or general manager.

I have in mind several companies where the president spends more time among his men than he does in his office, and in each case there is very little labor trouble in the plant. However, the executive must be sincere in his efforts to understand the environments of the men employed and really desire to meet them at least half-way in bettering conditions and discussing wage scales.

Every successful industrial manager and reasonable labor union leader recognizes the necessity of team-work. Team-work has a very broad meaning, and can be inaugurated in a factory only where confidence between the management and the workmen has been fully established. Confidence is essential to effective team-work and is the keystone of successful plant management. Without it no plant can escape labor troubles for any great length of time. Confidence cannot be built on mere sham, nor can complete trusted relations between the office and shop be established in a day. No matter how favorably the management may feel toward the men there will be little success in establishing a feeling of trust until the foreman manifests strict confidence in the men under him. A foreman can, and will, have team-work in his crew and will enjoy the respect of his men if he starts in by showing them he has confidence in and respect for them.

A plant manager told me recently that the only way to compel discipline in a working force was to "treat 'em rough, cut out the mollycoddling, and fire a few men every day." I might add that there are very few misguided executives of this kind left. They are just about as numerous as Golden Rule employers were thirty-five years ago. I am in thorough accord with his remarks on mollycoddling. No red-blooded workingman wants paternalism or mollycoddling. There's no question about that. But I emphatically state that respect will command more efficient discipline in one hour than arrogance will in a week. True, the foreman who has a strong pair of lungs and periodically uses them to give a bright-red blend to profuse profanity spoken in several languages will, by keeping men in fear, command discipline for a short time, but, like a good house built on a poor foundation, it doesn't last long. Discipline built on abuse doesn't result in team-work. That is absolutely certain, and discipline that results in team-work is the only kind that lasts and pays above par in efficiency, confidence, and respect.

Wherever there is an arrogant, abusive, unreasonable foreman there will be found a crew of discontented workmen—I don't care if the men are receiving two dollars an hour. Possibly the men will not go "up in the air" the first day, or the first week, but the intense resentment within their hearts will automatically result in a marked decrease of their efficiency. A workingman who is honestly giving the best that there is in him will instantly resent arrogance, and, personally, I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for any workingman who didn't stand on his feet squarely and demand respect and a square deal, not only from the foremen, but from the company. The workingman never lived who could give his employer an honest day's work if his heart is filled with resentment caused by abuse or ridicule. I am absolutely certain that nine-tenths of those who toil are willing to work their maximum for a foreman who treats them right and manifests the same degree of confidence and respect for the men that he demands from them.

I am certain that nothing pleases any worker, no matter whether skilled or unskilled, intelligent or unintelligent, black or white, red or yellow, highly paid or underpaid, so much as the knowledge that he has the absolute confidence of his employer.

I speak from personal experience, and I am certain that nothing in the world instills so much genuine enthusiasm in a man's labor; but let me emphatically state that there isn't a thing in the world that stirs so much revolt in the heart of a workman as the feeling that his employer distrusts him and has stool pigeons continually watching him. No workman on earth can have confidence in his employer when he knows that his employer has no confidence in him.

I believe that every honorable workingman despises an informer the way Satan hates holy water. There are some firms who have spy systems in their plants, and those that have will in the long run get just what's coming to them. Any man unprincipled enough to double cross and tattle on a worker will eventually double cross the employer. A stool pigeon must necessarily be a liar, and as soon as a workman finds out that a character of this kind is watching him he becames discontented, as he rightfully should become. If the foremen are close to the men, and they will be if they are real foremen, there is absolutely no necessity for paid informers. If there is anything wrong in the plant, the foreman will be the first man to know about it if he is employing the right system in handling men. If the foremen are not carrying out their work properly, a plant superintendent should, instead of hiring under-cover men, discharge the foremen and get leaders who are able through their own honesty, sincerity, and square dealing to command the respect and confidence of those working in the plant, which will eliminate the necessity of hired informants, who, as a rule, keep enough trouble stirred up so that they may keep their lucrative positions.

Discipline must be maintained if respect and confidence are to be expected. It wouldn't make any difference how pliable or diplomatic or charitable a foreman might be to his men, if his methods of maintaining discipline were loose his crew would immediately become disorganized and the men would hold him in contempt as a mollycoddle or an incompetent. Discipline, tempered with cool-headed judgment, is absolutely essential to proper industrial management, but the first thing a foreman must learn is the difference between discipline and abuse or arrogance. A foreman must at all times keep his head, never "fly off the handle," and always give proper consideration to all suggestions that the men under his charge may make regarding sanitation and more efficient methods in accomplishing their work. It adds a great deal of interest to the average worker to realize that he is an integral part of the shop organization instead of being a cog in the wheel, and whenever a workingman shows enough interest in his work to make suggestions he should be encouraged.

Modern foremen are real business executives; at least they should be, and they should be just as long on diplomacy in dealing with their men as the superintendent is in dealing with buyers.

A foreman can by using the proper methods, by realizing that the relationship of workman and management has entered a new era, eliminate a majority of the little misunderstandings that cause a great deal of the trouble to-day in industry. He can be successful in humanizing the workshop only by first thoroughly humanizing himself.

I am fully convinced that the responsibility of eliminating the present unrest prevalent throughout the country rests on the shoulders of the foremen more than any other American profession; mainly for the reason that the foreman is the proper man to create a perfect spirit of team-work in a factory, and team-work is the crowning necessity of modern business.

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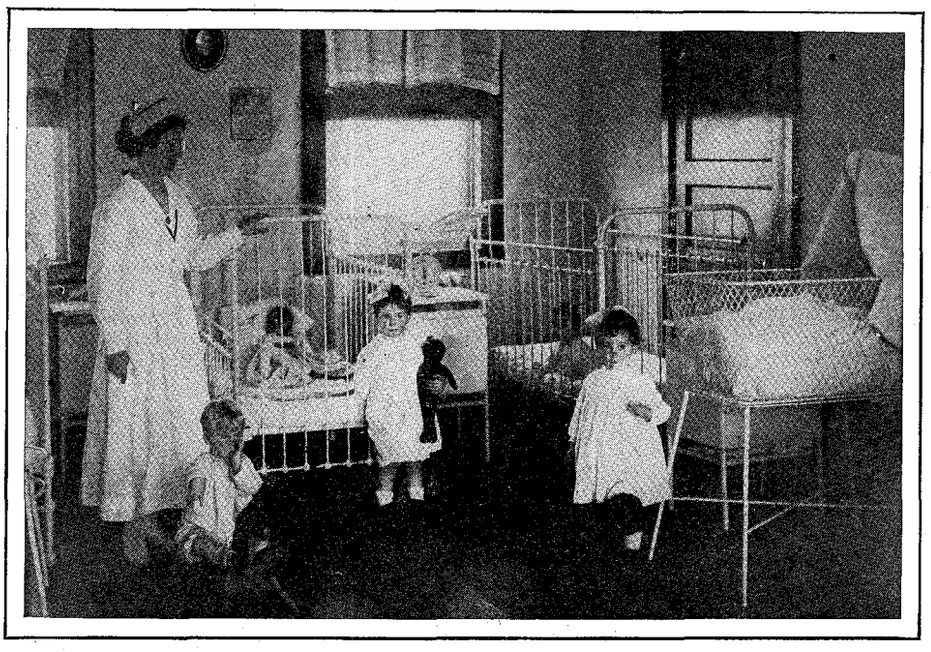
CLINTON FARMS

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT IN PRISON REFORM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK



A CORNER OF THE NURSERY

I HAVE it all vividly in mind—the drive in the snow-storm, the darkening winter evening, the distant light from a hospitable window, and then a door thrown open wide, a great stamping of feet to get rid of the snow, a broad, cheery farmhouse kitchen with white-clad girls moving hither and thither and an appetizing smell of goose such as an Englishwoman straight from England had not smelled since the first years of the war. I should like again to recapture that moment of light and brightness and hospitality, once again to be stamping the snow from my feet, to have the experience all before me, instead of as a remembrance. For this old farmhouse with its big tree to remind it of its age, its cheerful red farm buildings, its big barn where two lambs had just been born, was Clinton Farms; and Clinton Farms is a State prison for women. The girls who were cooking the goose were prisoners. So were the girls who were tending the lambs. So were the waitresses with their nice round necks and gentle manners.. All of them in the ordinary world would be called criminals.

It was all rather unbelievable. Unconsciously, most people separate themselves from what are called the criminal classes to such an extent that they even expect them to look a little different from the ordinary human being. Probably I was no exception. "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter," said that good man on seeing a prisoner led to execution, and most of us have less imagination than Richard Baxter. Prisons call up visions of bars and shameful clothes, and, though we pray for "all prisoners and captives," we most of us expect them to look the part. Yet here were thieves and murderesses and prostitutes moving freely about a normal house, carrying on normal occupations, encouraged in every way to be normal, no less. Indeed, the chief feature of Clinton Farms, as it struck me, was its absolute normality. Here was no suggestion that forgers and prostitutes were so sensationally or scientifically interesting as to merit preferential treatment over those who had done nothing more interesting than to remain outside prison. On the other hand, there was nothing to suggest degradation of any kind. Apart from the outstanding fact of perhaps child or husband murder, or shoplifting, or of keeping a disorderly house, there was nothing in the life at Clinton Farms to suggest that it was other than perhaps a training school for domestic science, or agriculture, or merely for human beings—which indeed it is.

After dinner I was told that there would be a council of student-officers. Half a dozen girls and women, representing incidentally as many nationalities, each with a bunch of keys, gathered together in the superintendent's office. They wore fresh pink-cotton frocks, made at the Farms, and most of them had some little individual touch, a necklace perhaps, a bluebird brooch, and each of them her own boots, some of wonderful design. Their ages varied considerably, one being perhaps well over forty, another being a slip of a girl. There was Jane, whose monumental placidity had made her head of the kitchen, and whose consistent good humor misled you with regard to her overdeveloped cleverness. There was Minna, who for all the good milk and good food could not manage to get fat. She, it appeared, had charge of the linen cupboard. Ruth, an olive-complexioned youngster with keen dark eyes, took charge of the laundry, Mary of the dressmaking, Susan of the farm girls.

All of these girls had something of the dignity that goes with authority duly earned—an authority, be it noted, which can also be taken away should the occasion warrant it. Minna told me all about the "honor system." She had been at Clinton for some years, and she had it very much at heart. When a girl arrives at the Farms, she is first medically examined, and is isolated from the rest to prevent possible infection. In the majority of cases she proves to be infectious. Then follows a period of probation, during which she learns the ways of the place and is under observation both by the authorities and by her fellows. At the end of that period she is under intensive observation, and if she comes through she may be elected by her fellows to be an "honor" girl. This means that she pledges herself defi-

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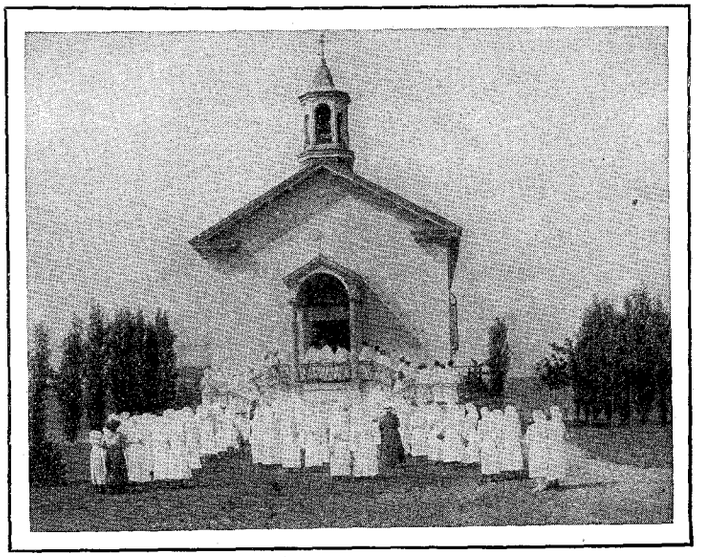
nitely not to run away and to behave properly. Her fellows are chary of making her an "honor" girl until they are quite certain of her, as defection on her part reacts on the whole community, and, carried further, would, Minna said, inevitably result in the loss of the greater freedom of Clinton Farms as compared with the prison proper. The "honor" girls form an electorate, and by their votes the student-officers receive their authority. The student-officers, among other things, form a consultative committee—always of course under the superintendence of the head of the Farms. They lay complaints and advise as to the treatment of their fellows. Jane, for instance, complained that Joan was impertinent in the kitchen and incited the others to give trouble. Jane was as monumental as ever, and she made her complaint in unmoved, judicial tones. The superintendent asked whether she thought the case should come up before the Board of Managers. There had been complaints before about Joan. Jane thought not. She never used unnecessary words and beamed cheerfully. She thought Joan might be summoned to the Council. Joan came, a vivacious dark little girl all smiles and conversation. She did not deny the charge, so witnesses were called. "Yes, Miss Smith, I *know* I've a quick temper—I *always* had. I *know* it's a great fault, but I *do* try." Joan wants very much to be an "honor" girl some time, if only that she may wear her own boots. "Yes, I *know* I've a quick temper. I *did* answer Jane back. But I *do* try—I know I've a quick temper." Joan stood in the corner of the room, trusting by full and frank confession to escape disaster. She is a little too glib, a little too ready to make promises which in all probability she will not keep. The superintendent, who had merely conducted the proceedings, asks Jane whether she will be content with an apology. Jane thinks so—this time. So Joan gets off once more with a lecture from the superintendent and hopes that she still may become an "honor" girl in time. Sarah is a different case. Sarah is sulky, or perhaps inarticulate. She listens in silence to accusations of insubordination. Her hair is smartly done and she cultivates a cynical expression. Ruth, of the laundry, who is going out in June, has evidently found her trying. There is a tinge more personal feeling in her charge. The superintendent has to sift it a little more, for, above all things, student-officers must lay themselves open to no charge of injustice. Sarah is asked whether she would like to call a witness. She says she doesn't care—a difficult girl. She also gets a lecture, to which she listens sulkily. Her moment has not come yet for response. Sometimes it takes many months to come.

The Council finally has to decide whether Madeleine can safely be made an "honor" girl. Opinions, which are moderately expressed, are divided. Each student-officer speaks with a great sense of responsibility. You have to be very certain on the running away question. It is decided that Madeleine shall do four months' test instead of three. Her case is referred back for one month.



THE CHAPEL, WITH RESIDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO SUNDAY SERVICE

These student consultations throw the responsibility for most of the detail of the Farms upon the girls themselves. The effect is remarkable. For one thing, public opinion has reached a point where it is more formidable to receive the judgment of your peers than of the authorities, against whom it might conceivably be thought rather sporting to bear a grudge. Girls who, having given their word, run away after all, have asked not to be sent back to Clinton Farms, preferring the hardships of the ordinary prison to the scorn and gibes of their fellows. "Honor is become a precious thing," says the chairman of the board, "not the less precious because it must be rewon." With this public opinion behind it, Clinton Farms can accord privileges which would otherwise be impossible. In the summer large numbers of the girls sleep out with nothing between them and liberty but a tent-wall. They move freely about the Farms and most of them are not locked in their rooms at night. They earn such privileges as that of wearing their own boots and ornaments, and they have opportunities of winning the respect of their fellows, than which I can imagine no better panacea for one's own self-respect.

Another point which struck me as making for normality and saneness was the pleasantness of the surroundings, whether at the Farm itself or in the various other buildings on the Farm. Anything less like a prison it would be impossible to imagine. In the newer buildings, one of which is used for the colored girls, the girls have separate rooms, with nice little white beds, dressing-tables, and so forth. Here they may have certain little personal possessions. You can see small manicure sets carefully set out, for many of them of course come from quasi-luxurious

TRUCK GARDEN, SHOWING CONTEST TEAM AT WORK

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surroundings; there are photographs about and picture post-cards. The colored girls in particular are immensely proud of these possessions, and one of them, having left open her bedroom door wide as we passed, had also turned all the photographs and pictures towards the door so that not one of them might be missed, she herself hiding behind the door to watch the effect upon visitors. The girls have a common sitting-room, in which they read, sew, or sing in the evenings, and generally amuse themselves. They are devoted to music, especially in the case of the colored girls, and I think I have never heard anything more beautiful than the singing of those girls. They sang beautiful old Negro melodies of which trained choirs give but a suggestion. This was the very fount of music—music as spontaneous and natural as that of a bird—rhythmic, harmonized, all because of the music that was in them. These darkies seem born singers, and they sing with a pathos that is full of tears, more particularly when considered in the light of their surroundings. Their faces as they sing, some of them grotesque, some with a certain beauty of youth, have an expression of submissive pathos which I can only liken to that of some of the Madonnas.

There was no pathos about the black baby upstairs—at least not until she was put back in her cot. It will be long before I forget the baby face—only six months old—with her little portion of wool all to herself, peering, as might the veriest grown-up, over a mountain of white bedclothes at the strangers who might perhaps be good enough to hold her up to see the big world and not mind too much if she cried when put down again, because she really couldn't help it. This baby was one of several, for among the girls taken at Clinton Farms are expectant mothers. There is a baby ward, and the mothers are taught to look after their babies, and become indeed deeply attached to them. This baby care is one of the most educative methods at the Farms. One girl, who murdered her baby, seemed absolutely callous about it. It happened that she elected to take charge of the lambs, which meant getting up in the dark winter mornings to look after them. She became devoted to her charges, and was brought back to a realization of what she had done largely by this means.

I could not help feeling most of the time how accidental was the fate which had brought these girls to Clinton. There was one woman, for instance, an Italian, who had come to America with her husband to make their fortune. They were not married, but they meant to make money and build a little house and live happily ever afterwards. With her own hands Angelina toiled and helped herself to dig the foundations of the little house. When, after years, it was all complete, her husband said he wanted children. Angelina was too old. He was going to marry a young neighbor. He married the young neighbor, and she was expecting her first child. Angelina passed, who would never marry and never have a child. The young wife taunted her. Angelina stabbed her in the back. Or there was Topsy. Topsy's father—a colored man—ill treated her mother, who went to live with another man, taking Topsy with her. Mr. Topsy turned up one day, threatening to kill his wife. Instead, he was attacked with an ax by the lover, who, leaving him prone outside, thrust the ax in the child's hand—she was only a little girl—telling her that her father was going to kill her mother. Mad with terror, Topsy gave her father the *coup de grâce*. She was sentenced for murder in the first degree. Generally speaking, cases are much less deserving of sympathy. Some of them are frankly dreadful, and Clinton Farms has had to do with a class who would normally fill the State prison, and who, under normal prison conditions, would be treated solely as criminals expiating their crime. At the same time, by far the most of the crimes are sex crimes. Sex crimes imply varying degrees of abnormality, and there is hardly a girl who comes to Clinton who does not at first show marked abnormality. Nervously they are very much below par, and the good food, most of which is grown on the Farm, makes an astounding difference in a comparatively short time. In this connection, a dreadful nemesis overtook a girl who had been a prostitute. She was very lovely, but while at Clinton she grew so fat that all her beauty disappeared. It is realized of how great importance is this building up of the nerves and of the general morale. With this end in view, the particular occupation to which the girl is set is carefully chosen. A girl is not necessarily set to the occupation that she does best. As a rule, for instance, farm work is the best possible tonic for nerves, and an indoors girl will be set to do it, while a clumsy girl will be trained as a housemaid. In any case, she is trained definitely to some occupation. When her sentence is ended, suitable work is then found for her. Very often her training has been purposely such that she may be able to undertake something different from her previous work. Old associations are thus more easily broken. And the strength of these associations is rarely recognized. A girl, for instance, who has been brought up to lead a life of luxury by the one means that is open to her, who, from childhood almost, has learned to concentrate upon nothing but clothes and the sickly arts by which she may, for a term of years and at great bodily risk, prey upon society, cannot easily envisage any other sort of life—and mostly doesn't want to. It is not sufficient to teach her—compulsorily too—a new trade. She has to learn to *want* a new trade. I saw these girls at their dressmaking, cooking, laundering, hospital work, and it would be difficult to find a i siastic crowd. The colored have a special aptitude for and the finest kind of lau taught the work in all its results that struck me as c able. As a matter of fac might pay to go to such Clinton and learn far l professional point of view

This experiment—for it is, judging by other pr reformatories which I have ica—is bound to have effects. Everybody is a cally nowadays that jud should be educative an rather than purely punit haps a touch of vengean To make the prisoner unv mit further crimes offers safety to the community theory into practice is thing, for it implies fait being who has broken implies a willingness o the community to run t experiment. That this fied has been actually sh Farms. Some of the gi pointments. Some run the call of the outsid almost irresistible—an way, to those who do prison should be hum jority of the Clinton turned out well and ha really to start life a can hardly be said prison. The most rigo has never yet emptied crimes. When hanging ment for stealing she were stolen, because hadn't learned not to sheep. Clinton Farms, a proved effort to treat lowest criminal—as com no one as outside the p no one as having lost a It is an effort to stri between the momentariness of crime and the eternity of punishment, which many would have liked to do had they but discovered the way. Clinton shows that way with no uncertain voice. It seems to me that not the least of its effects will be its effect on the older countries. America has problems which are all its own; but the very greatness of its resources, both mental and material, make it able to afford experiments which in other countries are practically impossible. America not only builds up, but she has the youthful courage to tear down. Clinton Farms means the tearing down of a good many prejudices, all of which exist in the older countries, often in an intensified degree. "But for the grace of God, there goes Richard Baxter," is a lesson which Clinton Farms has made it possible, not only for one man, but for all of us to learn.

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MURIEL HARRIS,
New York Office of the
"Manchester Guardian."

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THE WORLD'S WORST FAILURE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I SUPPOSE that soon after Adam woke to consciousness he began compiling a list of the ten best fruits in the Garden of Eden. Certainly the generations which have followed him have counted that day lost whose low-descending sun saw not some list of ten best things begun. And I suspect that each generation has found out, as Adam undoubtedly did when Eve appeared on the scene and started to compile her own list of the ten best fruits, that every such compilation is purely a matter of individual taste.

Personally, I have never been tempted to offer my views to an unexpectant public on the ten best anythings, but more than once I have felt an urgent desire to erect a journalistic Hall of Fame for the ten worst failures in the world. There is something so much more satisfying and adequate about a complete failure than there is about a debatable success. Successes are such annoying things to contemplate. The average mind (whatever that is) is awed by successes into a sense of personal littleness which is not at all gratifying to its vanity. Stacked up against the Brooklyn Bridge, the Taj Mahal, the "New Republic," or The Climate of California (or any other work of man for the creation of which Providence has never even been credited with an assist), the average mind feels itself shrinking, shrinking, into insignificance. Before long, if care is not taken, the average mind under discussion may feel moved to admit that, after all, it is not the center of the solar system. And lack of self-confidence, as we all know, is one of those great dangers against which all good Americans have to be on constant guard.

Take this same average mind to which I have referred and place it in juxtaposition to a real dyed-in-the-wool, non-shrinkable, three-feet-to-the-yard historical failure, and it will begin to bud and blossom before your very eyes. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow? There is none of us so humble that he cannot point out the errors in that campaign. The tragedy of De Lesseps at Panama? Why, man, we could have done a better job with our bare hands! There is inspiration, I tell you, in failure; and the greater the failure, the greater the inspiration.

That is why I have felt that it might be of real public service to compile a list of the ten greatest failures in the world. The trouble is that, though there is such a wealth of material to draw from, I have never been able to get beyond the selection of the candidate for first place upon my ticket of disasters. What room is there for considering such secondary matters as Henry Ford's Knowledge of History; the Ben Davis Apple; the Very Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts's Sense of Humor; the New York Evening "Post's" late announcement that "The Tide is Turning Towards Cox;" Moral Football Victories, and other social impedimenta, when there is staring at the observer on almost every city street and country crossroad the greatest failure of the times?

Darling in the New York Tribune
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POOH! POOH! WHAT'S A LITTLE CRIME WAVE TO A REAL MOVIE FAN?

Indeed, I have no heart to make a list of lesser lapses when I consider the Movies.

What, the Movies?

Yes, the Movies.

I hear thousands of protesting voices rising in chorus about me. You know, it is just as easy for a writer as it is for a president to hear voices that help his story or his argument. The ear which most writers and presidents keep close to the ground is an inner ear attuned only to echoes.

As I was saying, I hear thousands of protesting voices.

Don't you realize that there are umpty-seven thousand movie-picture theaters in America?

Don't you realize that these theaters take in umpty million paid admissions every day in the year?

Don't you realize that the films shown in these theaters if stretched end to end would make this old world of ours look like a kitten in a ball of yarn?

Indeed I do, and I grieve for it. For all of this I know and some of it, to my misfortune, I have been compelled to see. The fact that the movie bestrides our narrow world like a Colossus does not interest me. The real point at issue is what is the character of this Colossus?

Since the movies are generally considered to belong to the field of dramatic art, it may be well to look to my definitions before I proceed further. The heart of all drama, to my mind, is to be found in the impinging of incident

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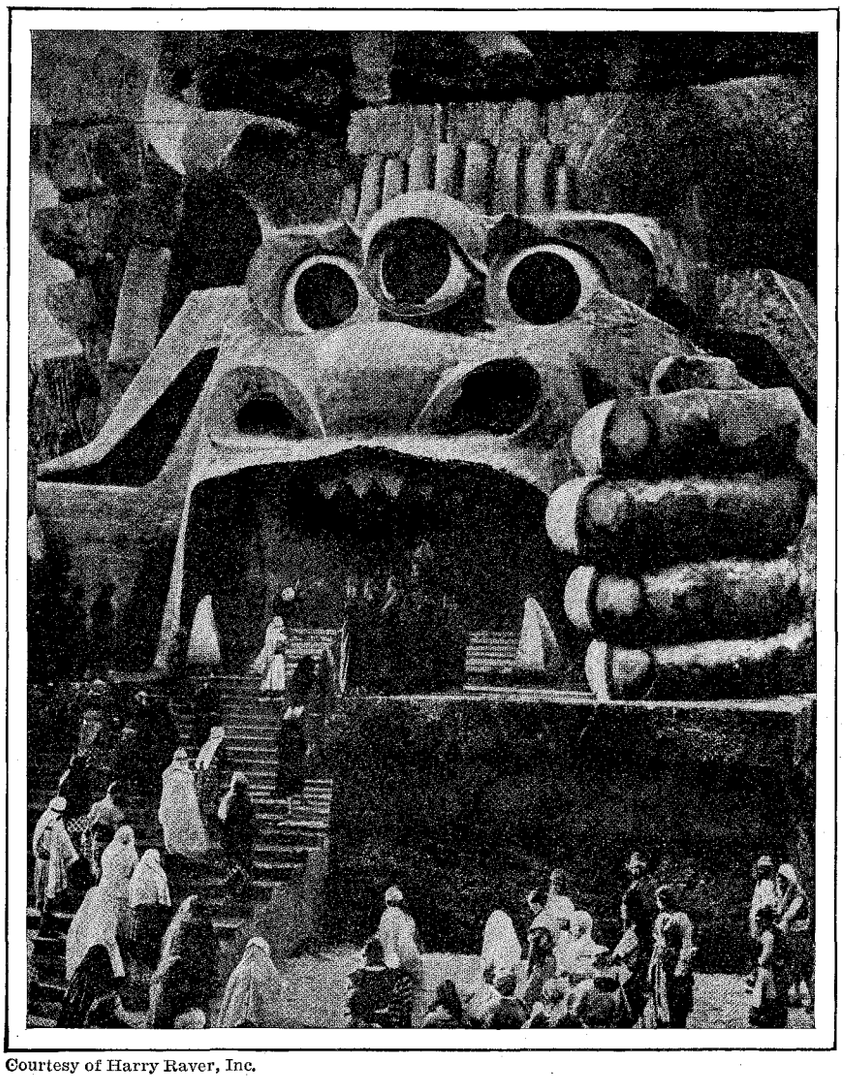

Courtesy of Harry Raver, Inc.

SCENE FROM D'ANNUNZIO'S PHOTOPLAY "CABIRIA"

"Honestly, now, what have the movies done? They have brought into being a few, and a very few, effective and convincing spectacles, such as 'Cabiria' "

upon character. From this central heart the field of drama extends to extreme emphasis upon incident on the one side and to extreme emphasis upon character on the other. But the great dramas of history have found their dwelling-place in the center of this spectrum of human activity.

Within the limits of this field, conscribed by time, place, and the confines of a single stage, the art of the drama has blazed forth in various ages as one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of human achievement. This is the record of the old drama. What has so far been the promise of the new?

The basic material of all art is life. Life lies as ready at the hand of the movie world as it did at the hand of Aristophanes and Shakespeare. But the spendthrift soul of the new drama has also been endowed with a fairy wand which Aristophanes and Shakespeare never knew. It has been gifted with power over time and space; all the world is literally its stage. The seas are ready to its command; the forest and the stream are its handmaidens; the great plains and deserts lie open for its delight; the mountains bow to its bidding; and the peoples of the world lie within the hollow of its vast hand. The parable of talents provides a scale by which the failure of the movie picture must be judged. Gifted with the touch of Midas, the winged feet of Mercury, what spoil has the movie brought to Parnassus?

Somehow I don't seem to hear the chorus of voices which greeted my ears a short while ago; but that, as I have suggested, may be purely a matter of self-deception.

Honestly, now, what have the movies done? They have brought into being a few, and a very few, effective and convincing spectacles, such as "Cabiria." For the material for almost every serious production which they have attempted they have gone rag-snatching along the clothes-line of the other arts; they have borrowed historical episodes and failed to illuminate them; they have ransacked the granaries of drama and fiction and borne off more often the chaff than the wheat; they have turned Thalia into a hurler of custard pies, dressed Terpsichore in a one-piece bathing-suit, and in pursuit of Melpomene treated the world to unpremeditated tragedy of which they themselves have been sublimely oblivious. Humor is virtually non-existent in the movies. Wholesome fun is at a premium and the movie tragedy is the only successful farce.

Such real characters as the movies have portrayed have generally been filched from printed books and marred in the filching. Almost the only kind of character development which the movies have recognized is a sudden and impossible conversion, repugnant to the spirit of art and to ordinary horse sense. The movies have been condemned as immoral. Very few moving-picture plays are immoral in the sense in which that word is used by the average would-be reformer of the movies. But I have seldom seen a moving-picture play which I did not regard as immoral because of its absolute failure to present truthfully the fabric of that cosmic drama which we call life.

I shall not dwell upon the relation between movies and the poetic spirit. Offhand, I should judge the relationship to be about that of a thirteenth cousin-in-law seventeen times removed. It is a rare evening when I see the work of any moving-picture producer which indicates even an elementary ability to discriminate between poetic fantasy and maudlin sentimentality.

About the highest poetic flight of which the average movie producer is capable can be summed up in a few words: *"And grim death hovered over his bed." Grim death does so to lugubrious music. "But the angel of hope still fluttered in his heart." The angel successfully flutters for a while and at last drives g. d. off stage r. u. e.* Is the evaluation which I have made of the worth of the motion picture unfairly colored by personal prejudice and a colossal sense of disappointment over what the moving picture has failed to achieve?

The first moving picture I ever saw was a study of a man cutting and eating a steak. When the brief and flickering roll was finished, the operator, by way of variety, ran it backwards. The result was regarded as a great achievement. The latest picture which I have seen is a million-dollar spectacle, photographed with rare technical skill and almost flawless in projection. This likewise has been regarded as a great achievement. Yet, as I look back over twenty-five years of pictures, I am compelled to confess that the development from steak-eating to spectacles of continental dimensions is no proof to me that the movie has found its footing among the arts. Considered as an art, the business of manufacturing moving pictures is entitled to top ranking in the list of the world's worst failures.

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IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY

BY FRANK ELMER WILSON

TALES OF SPURIOUS AND AUTHENTIC WOE

IT was during Lent that I went to one of the suburbs to preach at a special Lenten service. I arrived in the afternoon and had dinner with the rector and his family. While we were at the table the rector suddenly turned to me:

"By the way, there is something I wish you would do for me. You are not far from 2050 Monroe Street, are you?"

"No," I replied. "That would be just around the corner from where we live."

"Well, first let me tell you the circumstances leading up to it. Last Sunday evening I went into the city to preach at St. E——'s Church. On Monday morning a man appeared here at my door. He was rather short, dark, nicely dressed, and talked well. His eyes were quite prominent, and he had a little lisp in his speech. He told me he had been at the service Sunday evening and something in my sermon had found a specially responsive chord in his own thoughts. He was in serious trouble and determined to make the trip out here to see me and talk it over. It seems that he had had a position in the office of a small business concern in the city, which had given him a very modest salary, but enough to get along on under normal conditions. He had a wife and four children. His wife had been ill for some time, and his expenses had far outrun his income. Finally had come the day when he couldn't pay the rent, and the landlord had threatened to turn them all out on the street unless he secured money at once. The following day he had come across a blank check in the office, and in his despair had forged the company's name for sixteen dollars. Detection, of course, was only a matter of time, and before long he was called to account. There was nothing to do but acknowledge his guilt and beg for leniency from his employers. They had given him a week in which to make good the amount. The week would be up the next day. So far he had kept his wife from knowing of his predicament, and he was quite fearful of the effect upon her in her weakened condition if he were to be arrested and taken away.

"It was a lot of money for the man to be asking me for, and I determined to find out whether he was telling the truth or not. In his own presence I telephoned the business house he claimed to have been associated with, and they replied that he had been with them, but had left the preceding week. My sympathies were now becoming quite strong for him. I gave him railway fare back to the city and promised to let him hear from me by the following morning. I saw him to the train and took the next train in after him. He had given me his address as 2015 Monroe Street, and I went directly to that number. I must confess to disappointment when I found that the people living there knew nothing either of the man or of his family. Of course I dropped the matter at once as a bad job and came back home. This morning he telephoned me and seemed a little bit hurt that he had not heard from me. I was mad through and through and prepared to give him the benefit of my investigations.

"'Look here,' I said. 'What did you mean by telling me you lived at 2015 Monroe Street?'

"'No, no,' he answered over the wire. 'You misunderstood me. I said 2050 Monroe Street.'

"My wrath began to subside into doubt, and I ended by agreeing to take the matter up further. Now I can't make up my mind whether I really misunderstood him or whether the man cleverly turned the tables on me when he perceived my suspicions. I hardly feel like taking the time for another trip to the city to verify this new address, and I am unwilling to help him without knowing something further. If you would look in at 2050 Monroe Street, and let me know what you find, I would be greatly obliged to you."

Acordingly, the next day I sought out 2050 Monroe Street, and, as I fully expected, the man was as completely unknown there as he had been at the first address. I wrote the suburban rector to that effect and dismissed the whole affair from my mind.

A SEQUEL

Some days later a man called to see me about the middle of the morning. He was nicely dressed and looked well cared for, and I was somewhat surprised when he said he was in need of help. Then he threw back his overcoat and showed me that he was without an under coat of any kind. He gave me his name and stated that he lived with his wife and four children at 1825 Monroe Street. His wife had been ill and was still in a precarious state of health. He had lost his position, but had feared to tell her, and had gone away each day as though he had regular work to do. He had been unsuccessful in locating another place, and his money had all been spent. As a last resort he had pawned his coat, and to prove his story he handed me the pawn ticket.

The man's recital of his troubles was very appealing. He answered all questions easily and frankly, and on the whole it sounded like a good case.

"Come back to me this afternoon at two o'clock," I said finally. "Meantime I'll look out for this pawn ticket and I will see what further I can do."

He thanked me and went away.

A little later in the morning I started for 1825 Monroe Street. I could easily find a way of talking to his wife without letting her know that he had been to see me. But there was no need for any such maneuvering, for the people at this house were totally ignorant of any such family. Another fraud. Anyhow, I would see what the pawn ticket meant while I was about it. The shop was not far off, and the bookkeeper speedily identified the ticket. The name was corect, but this time the address was 2015 Monroe Street. All at once the significance of it dawned on me. As I recalled the man's appearance and actions they coincided to a hair with the suburban rector's description of his persistent friend of a week or two before this time. Over I went to 2015 Monroe Street, and there received the anticipated negative to my inquiries. Like the other rector, I was rather disappointed, but, at any rate, the fellow would never have the presumption to return to me after such an elaborate fiction.

When the door-bell rang promptly at two o'clock, it scarcely occurred to me that he could really be coming. But there he was as big as life. I invited him to be seated, and then I just looked at him.

"Well," I said at length, "I never expected to see you back here."

"Why?" he asked, for the first time showing any concern. "You told me to come."

"What made you tell me all that stuff this morning?" I went on. "You knew it was untrue."

"He looked at me for a long moment to see if I was really in earnest. Then he realized that he was fairly caught.

"Yes," he admitted slowly; "I lied to you this morning. You would have lied, too, if you had needed a coat as badly as I do."

A vision of myself in his condition flashed across my mind, and I think I could scarcely have found the heart to upbraid him if I had not known at first hand of his previous duplicity when he did not need a coat.

"Now I want you to listen to me," I said, "and, as much for your own benefit as anything else, I don't want you to forget what I am about to tell you. You seem to think that because I wear my collar the other way around therefore I am a fool. You think you can tell me any cock-and-bull story you please and that I will swallow it like an imbecile and give you anything you ask. You're one of these men who

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make a business out of telling lies, and you make it all the harder for an honest man to get help when he really needs it. I want you to understand that I know just the sort of fellow you are. I've made it my business to find out all about you. I know the game you tried to play out in M—— a couple of weeks ago. I know that you have no wife and four children and that you never lived at 1825 Monroe Street, neither have you lived at 2015 nor 2050 Monroe Street. You've used false names and you've made up your stories out of whole cloth. You didn't think I would go to the trouble to find out all this, but that's once when you missed your guess. Here's your pawn ticket. I intend to tell all the ministers I meet what I know about you, and the next time you try this trick you are likely to find yourself answering questions from the judge."

He took his ticket and went without a word. He was so completely chagrined that I felt honestly sorry for him as I watched him walk down the street.

AN EPILOGUE

Not long after this I met the suburban rector and told him the sequel to his story, much to his interest and amusement. I did not see him again for several weeks, but when we next did meet he wore a broad grin as he pulled me over into a corner of the room.

"I have still a further sequel to the continued story of our friend with the illusive wife and four children," he said. "Just after you told me your chapter I was having dinner one evening with the Rev. Dr. J—— and his wife. I recounted to him our little experiences with this stranger and he listened quite eagerly to the whole tale. When I had finished, he asked me to describe the man to him, and I did so in some detail. Dr. J—— collapsed and roared with laughter.

"'What!' I said. 'You don't mean to say that you have more to add to this man's adventures?'

"'Precisely,' he said, still laughing. 'That same fellow came to me with a pitiful appeal, and I didn't escape anything like as easily as you two did.'

"'How much did it cost you?' I asked, curiously.

"'That is something,' he replied, very solemnly, 'which no man shall ever know.'"

And, for all we know, our friend may still be plying his trade. But I have an idea that his enthusiasm must have been badly dented by the unconventional statement of his case to which he had been treated at least once.

RUNNING THE CHANCE OF IMPOSTURE

Still it is not to be concluded from such cases as these[1] that all, or indeed the greater part, of those who come to us in distress are merely clever purveyors of fraudulent appeals. On the contrary, the great majority of them are really in need of assistance, and to them it is gladly and cheerfully given. I am speaking now of those who come to us as strangers, of whom we have no previous knowledge. The needy in our own parishes we know without investigation. But of the strangers there are several different groups. There are those, for instance, upon whose persons and in whose stories falsehood and discrepancy are so obvious as to be almost ridiculous. There are others, comprising perhaps the bulk of them, who may or may not be honest. Frequently it is quite impossible to check up on their statements, and a doubtful probability is about the only conclusion to be had. In such cases, rather than run the risk of turning an inhospitable shoulder to a case of honest need, one is willing to run the chance of imposture, at least up to a certain point. Many of them drop out of sight, and we never know whether we have been mulcted or not. Sometimes we discover in after days that we have been the victims of fraud in certain cases. Now and then we are encouraged by seeing our best hopes verified, and a probably honest case living up to its appearances. Then again there is that smallest class of all, made up of those who are soundly convincing. From one such case I retain a lasting impression. I might be mistaken, but I doubt it. I believe this man was real.

ON THE EDGE OF A COUCH

It was about three o'clock one autumn afternoon, as I was just at the door about to start out on some parish calls, that he rang my bell. He was not much above average height, but was very strongly built, and apparently carried little superfluous flesh. As he removed his hat he revealed a head of very red hair. He was clean and well dressed and presented a good appearance throughout. He stood just inside the door, nervously fingering his hat and looking me over with a pair of very keen blue eyes.

"Is your name Wilson?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," I answered, leaving the conversation to him.

"Did you ever have a church in Evanston?"

"No, I've never lived there."

"When I saw your name on your church at the corner," he said, after a pause, "I thought you might be the one. You look a good deal like him, too."

He stopped and stood irresolute, not as one embarrassed, but as one disappointed and perplexed.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked him. "Even if I am not the person you were looking for, perhaps I might do."

He sat on the edge of a couch near a west window, and I sat on the other side of the room. I remember it all very distinctly, for he was there about two hours, and as twilight came on I could see his clear-cut features more and more sharply silhouetted against the darkening sky. He was thinking, and I waited until he should be ready to speak.

"I don't know what to do," he said after a few moments. "I'm all bewildered, and I felt as though I would like to talk to somebody. I thought you might be the same clergyman I met before, so I came in here. His name was the same as yours. I didn't know him well, and maybe he's forgotten me He came to preach once at the county jail, and I have never forgotten how he talked to me after the service."

That was it, then. He was a jail-bird. It was not the first time men had come to me telling how they had just been released from prison and asking a lift on their way to honest employment But this man seemed different from any of the others. There was no predigested story on the tip of his tongue. He gave one the impression that he would much rather not be talking about it, but that he had to get it off his mind. Haltingly, in disconnected staccato phrases, he told of himself. There were awkward pauses now and then which I was obliged to help out with quiet questions, like a prompter reminding one who has forgotten his part. Sometimes he was at a loss for words and shifted uneasily, while I ventured to offer cautious suggestions, or assured him that I understood without his putting it into words. It was a study in natural simplicity to watch his childlike reticence, here and there broken by an impulsive outburst of pride. Chronologically his story was chaotic. In one breath he spoke of the events of last week, and in the next he was back in his childhood days. It was a picture-puzzle narrative, but, pieced together, it would run something in this way:

THE PETERMAN'S STORY

His name was Jim Robbins. Perhaps I had heard of him? At any rate, the police all knew him, for his criminal career covered nearly every big city in the country. He was one of five sons and had been born and raised in the Far West. His father he designated simply as a Mohammedan, possessed of a rigid belief in fatalism. Both parents were experienced criminals, and had carefully trained their sons in the same profession. He began the practice of theft when he was a mere child, but from the outset was taught to despise any such thing as petty robbery. There was an unconscious pride in his voice and his shoulders straightened as he told of his place in the criminal world.

"We were 'petermen,'" he said; "safe-blowers, you know. We never bothered with any small jobs. We turned some of the biggest tricks in the country. And we never killed or hurt anybody in our work. A good 'peterman' doesn't have to."

After their parents were dead the

[1] Some of these Mr. Wilson described in The Outlook last week.—The Editors.

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five sons scattered and systematically carried on their several depredations on society, sometimes working together, sometimes alone, and often with other associates. Gradually their fame spread and they began to be hunted. Jails and penitentiaries ingulfed them for longer or shorter periods of time. Jim was as clever and successful as any of them, yet now, having reached middle age, he could look back on nearly half of his life spent behind prison bars.

His last term had kept him confined for five years. It was only a couple of months before this time that he had been released. The afternoon he left the penitentiary the warden had given him a hearty handshake and said, "Jim, go straight this time, and don't come back here again." The admonition was not forgotten, but Jim was too much interested in his return to freedom to give it more than passing thought. During the rest of the day he wandered from street to street like a child in a new playhouse. The power to go where he liked and do what he pleased had been denied him so long that it now possessed a fascinating novelty. He walked in and out of stores and shops and various public buildings out of pure curiosity, simply to feast his eyes on whatever was going on.

THE LADY OF THE MISSION

It was in the course of these idle wanderings that he came to a little mission hall in the early evening. They were singing, and he stepped inside to listen. There was a woman there, one of the mission workers, whose face attracted him, and he stayed without paying much attention to what was going on in the simple service. After a while the woman came over and sat beside him. She made him very uncomfortable, but he was glad to have her there. Then she spoke to him.

"She asked me something about religion," Jim explained. "I didn't know what to say, so I pushed her away. I didn't want her to go, you understand, but I didn't know what else to do."

She continued to speak to him kindly and very tactfully, until by the time the meeting was concluded she had quite gained his confidence. For a long time he remained talking with her, telling her his story, very much, I suppose, as he was then telling it to me. He made no profession of conversion to her (nor, indeed, did he to me), but before he left he had solemnly promised her that he would keep straight, and he meant every word of that promise. A good woman had come into his life and had left an indelible impression.

He was determined to begin right—but where? He could not remain in the penitentiary town, and he was not very well acquainted with avenues of legitimate employment. Then all at once he recalled a remark from a fellow-prisoner that the Ford automobile company would give an ex-convict a chance to make a fresh start and no questions asked. Accordingly, the next day he set out for Detroit. When he arrived at the office of the company, he told them frankly just who he was and what he had been. They gave him a position and he set to work under the happy assurance that the police could not interfere with him there and he would have a real opportunity to make good his promise to the Lady of the Mission. Everything went smoothly for a time. He proved himself a strong and able workman and he did his work with a will. Already he was beginning to think of himself in new terms. Then one day at the lunch hour two strangers appeared and called him aside. They were detectives from Detroit.

"We've spotted you, Jim," they told him, "and you had better be on your way."

"I'm working for an honest living," Jim protested, "and I'm going straight. You have no right to follow me up because of the things I used to do. Go back and forget you ever saw me. Besides, you can't touch me out here, for I'm under the protection of the company."

"No," they replied, "we can't touch you out here, but if you don't disappear we'll 'frame up a job' on you so the company will fire you, and then see what will happen. We don't want any of your kind around our town."

Poor Jim was panic-stricken. It was not until days later that it even occurred to him that he might have laid the whole situation before his superintendent and probably receive proper protection. Only one thing seemed important just then—to get away where the police could not find him. Under cover of the night he quietly slipped out, made his way to the river, stole a boat, and escaped to the Canadian side. But his pursuers had anticipated such a move, and the Canadian authorities were on the watch for him. He was sent back, with dire threats of what would happen if he ever attempted to enter Canada again.

He wandered from place to place, dogged by the constant fear of recognition. He dared not stop in any one spot long enough to earn anything, and his small stock of money was rapidly diminishing. At last he made for Chicago, and arrived three days before the day of his visit to me. For a single day he was unmolested. The next day the keen eye of the law detected his presence and he was haled into a police court and locked up on suspicion. They laughed at the idea of his living straight and tried to entangle him in some admission which they might turn to his injury. But he would not be tricked, and after detaining him for two days they were obliged to let him go for the want of a charge against him.

"They turned me loose this morning, and gave me till six o'clock to-night to get out of town. If they caught me here after six o'clock, they promised to put me away for another long term. I've been walking the streets ever since, wondering what to do. Down in the Tenderloin there are lots of my old friends who would take me in and see me through. But that would mean returning to the old life, and I promised her I would go straight. But I can't go on like this, and they won't give me a chance."

His story rang as true as a silver bell, but when he had finished I felt as greatly bewildered as he was himself.

ON ONE DAY AT LEAST

"Think a moment," I said. "Have you no friend free from a criminal reputation to whom you might go until things clear up?"

"That's the only thing I could think of too," he answered. "There is a man who used to work with my father. But he quit breaking safes a good many years ago and got a farm up in Wisconsin. I might go to him and he would give me a job on the farm. Then if I could stay with him and work for him for six months, there might be a chance. You see, if I could have some one to speak for me and say that I had been straight for six months, I could come right back here and they would have to let me alone unless I did something wrong. That might give me a chance, and that's all I want."

"How much money would it take to get you to this farm?"

"Not so very much. I'm used to getting rides on freight trains, and a little money carries me over a division. But I haven't even enough for that. I've used it all up."

"All right," I said, "I'll give you some more."

He took a long, questioning look at me. Then he made one stride nearly across the room and seized me by the arm in a grip that made me wince.

"Do you mean you're going to help me?"

"Yes," I replied. "Put this in your pocket and make it go as far as you can. Now it is after five o'clock and you must get to the railway yards. Be sure to look me up again when you come this way. I wish you God's own blessing, and, whatever you do, never forget the Lady of the Mission."

His good-by gripped both my hand and my heart like a vise. For days his face and his story haunted me. That is a good many months ago, and I have neither seen nor heard of him since. I do not know whether he ever reached his destination. I do not know what he did with my money. I do not know whether he has lived up to his promise to the Lady of the Mission.

This much I know. The day Jim Robbins came to see me, on that day he was an honest man.

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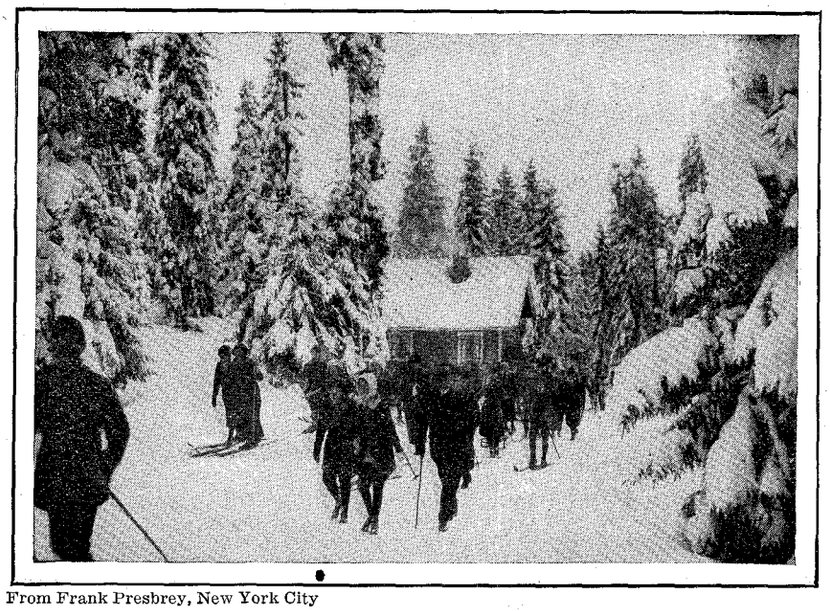
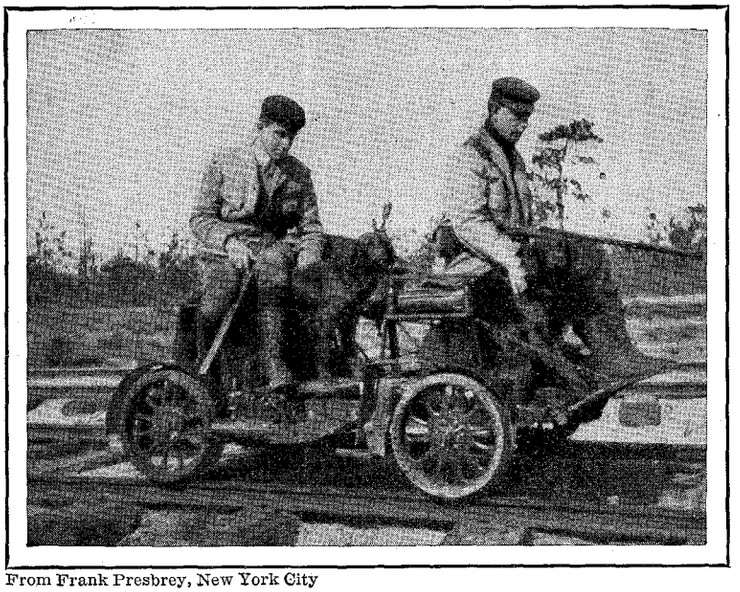
WINTER SPORTS IN THREE CONTINENTS

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From Frank Presbrey, New York City

A NORWEGIAN SKI-ING PARTY



From Frank Presbrey, New York City

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THESE MEN ARE GOING QUAIL HUNTING, NOT RAIL HUNTING. THE PICTURE IS FROM OUR OWN SOUTH

From Prof. Florence M. Snell, Wellington, South Africa

A WINTER CAMPING PARTY IN SOUTH AFRICA

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES

BY EDMUND CRANFORD WILLCOX

THE other day I got into a motor bus to go from one small Southern town to another. The bus had four transverse rows of three seats each. I took the last vacant seat in the third row. The fourth row was vacant, but a respectable, well-dressed colored man stood near. The bus was about to start and the colored man stepped in. "Ah, ha!" I said to myself; "here is where the Negro gets the best end of the Jim Crow plan, for we are crowded and he has a whole row of seats to himself." But wait a minute; two white lads drew near, looked at the bus, and talked to the starter; they wanted to go, too. The starter scratched his head and then addressed Mr. Negro. In the most friendly and genial way he said: "Say, old fellow, I don't see how we can handle you this trip, unless you stand on the running-board and hold on." And with equal good nature and a wide smile our colored passenger replied, "Sure! All I want is to get there." So white dignity and the law of race separation were satisfied; the two white boys had the three seats to themselves, the Negro "got there" all right, and there wasn't a bit of ill feeling.

Now this trivial incident is a symbol. "Say it with a smile" applies to race questions as to many others. In the North we often see an unhappy-looking Negro sitting in a trolley car while white men stand up uncomfortably rather than take a vacant seat beside the Negro. In the South, socially speaking, the laws of separation are known and, on the whole, are carried out with good feeling. Both in the North and in the South most intelligent people, including many Negro leaders, believe that separate schools, churches, and places of amusement are desirable, wherever practicable, for both races. The corollary is that, if the Negro is to be treated separately, he should be treated fairly—given proper and comfortable accommodations and incentives to live cleanly and to be self-respecting. One doesn't often hear nowadays the "Do you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" which used to be the retort when Northerners pleaded that the Negro should be taught and made into a good citizen. Practically the social question is settling itself.

But in other respects the true answer to the race question is in that very growth of good feeling and tolerance of which I spoke at the beginning. Time and a sense of justice will heal the scars made by hatred and contempt.

It is one of the faults of Stephen Graham's book, "The Soul of John Brown"[1] (published in England under a much better title, "The Children of Slaves"), that it puts too much emphasis on the hateful side of things. To be sure, Mr. Graham does recognize that there is a sentiment among the best people of both races for friendliness and growth. Thus one colored banker told him that the Negro must *win* freedom, that "there is only one thing that can bring him respect, and that is achievement." And another said, "It would be better for Negroes to build their own libraries—we don't wish to intrude where we are not wanted." And Mr. Graham reports with approval the forming of committees, half white, half colored, to inquire into social strife and see what can be done for life and freedom. And he avers: "The maximum of persecution of the Negro in recent years does not equal the misery of slavery. Even if all the lynchings and burnings and humiliations and disabilities be put together, they do not add up to one year of servitude. . . . They [the Negroes] are still progressing to an ever fuller freedom."

Yet, on the whole, the picture he paints is black and horrifying. One need not question his accuracy, nor doubt his assertion that a lust for cruelty has shown itself in some places where torture and horrors unspeakable have occurred, nor deny that such race riots as those in Washington and Chicago are danger signals not to be ignored. But he lays so much stress on the dark side that one might turn with profit to Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" (first published, I remember, in your columns), or to the splendid records of work done at Hampton and Tuskegee, or to the startling statistics as to the gains of the black race in business achievement, in order to get a fair balance-sheet of gains and losses.

Stephen Graham has a picturesque personality. His book on Russia and his account of his experiences in the Great War as "A Private in the Guards" aroused controversy, but no one denied their interest. If it is true, as I have seen stated lately, that he held that the soul of Russia was born through oppression and that *therefore* the Russians would always love their Czar, he certainly missed fire badly. Points in the present book have been questioned as to fact. But it is intensely interesting (and curious, too) to see the record of an Englishman's observation and his talks with whites and blacks in a journey for that express purpose up and down our Southern States. We are more impressed by what he saw and heard than by his arguments. Sometimes, indeed, the latter are based on lack of knowledge; as where he laments that the Constitution of the United States does not allow the Southern States to put an educational restriction on suffrage. Had he known better, he might have strengthened his own indictment of unfairness, for the last thing on earth that most Southern States would wish for would be an educational restriction that would actually disfranchise ignorant whites as well as ignorant Negroes.

Mr. Graham was started on his travels over the once Slave States by an idea that came to him while marching toward Cologne in the British army, namely, that he would like to follow Sherman's "march to the sea" as a sort of tradition-seeking tramp. This he did, with experiences that make a capital chapter.

I should be loth to accept all of Mr. Graham's comments on the condition and prospects of the Negro in America, but one of them is strong and clear. He says: "There remains just one obvious solution, and that is in distinct and parallel development, equality before the law, and mutual understanding and tolerance."

From the race question of to-day one turns to the race question more than half a century ago in Margaret Lynn's "Free Soil."[2] It is well to be reminded of the terrible struggle in Kansas that decided forever that its soil should be free soil. The battle of Ossawatomie is now little but a name to most of us, but it meant a great deal. Here we have the story of a sturdy, liberty-loving New England settler and his brave wife, who went West to fight for liberty and to build up a freedom-loving community that should defy the curse of slavery. As fiction pure and simple the novel has no great art, but it has historical reality and wide human sym-

[1] The Soul of John Brown. By Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] Free Soil. By Margaret Lynn. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE OUTLOOK'S BOOK STALL

We shall be glad to purchase for you any book that is in print. If you know the names of the author and publisher, please state them. If you do not, please write the title of the book clearly and we shall make every effort to secure the book for you. Books ordered will be sent as promptly as possible upon receipt of the publisher's price plus 10c. for postage. If the price is not known it will be ascertained for you upon inquiry. It is believed that this service will be of value especially to those who do not reside in metropolitan localities where desired books are readily obtainable.

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pathy. As a sketch of Western living conditions in early days the book is also satisfying.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

DEAD MAN'S PLACK AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Mr. Hudson is a master-stylist as well as a naturalist. Here he enters a new field; he gives us a sort of vision or visualization of a little Saxon drama that is supposed to take place in Hampshire a thousand years ago. There is a simple and plaintive charm in the narrative.

MEHITABLE. By Katharine Adams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

All the Mehitables we ever knew personally were called Hetty. But not this one. She is dignified, sweet, and gracious. Her school life near Paris, her trips to other lands, and her fine love story form a superior kind of story for older girls. The tale has its culmination in the outbreak of the Great War.

TAKE IT FROM DAD. By George G. Livermore. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A new kind of boys' book—and a good kind, too. These letters from "Dad" to his boy at Exeter are full of fun. If they preach at all, they do it in a roundabout and jovial way, and with sly hits and digs as from one fellow to another. They are spiced with slang and salted with worldly experience.

BIOGRAPHY

PERSONAL ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN. By Mary Augusta Austen-Leigh. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Not important as a contribution to literary history, but decidedly interesting because of its new material and its personal side-lights on Miss Austen's home life and social friendships.

ULYSSES S. GRANT: HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company, New York.

We are glad to see a new edition of this work, first published about a quarter of a century ago. It is one of the best anecdotal biographies ever published—anecdotal, that is, in the sense that wherever incident, anecdote, and dialogue can bring out the personality of the greatest Union generals that method is here adopted. We commend the book especially for boys and young men.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LETTERS FROM THE KAISER TO THE CZAR. Copied and Brought from Russia by Isaac Don Levine. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This volume comprises letters found in the Czar's private correspondence after his death. They were written in English, the language always used by William II and Nicholas II in conversation or correspondence. They are wholly distinct from the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence published three years ago, which was composed of telegrams only. They are only half satisfactory as correspondence because there are no letters of reply from the Czar to the Kaiser. It would be interesting to know whether these letters are now in Holland, guarded by the ex-Emperor. Regrettably incomplete as the present volume is, no book, we think, could present a greater revelation of the Kaiser's character. Here in his own letters he is a jumble of opposed qualities—lofty, petty; thoroughgoing, superficial; simple, theatrical; modern, mediæval. Mediæval certainly was his obsession concerning the divine right of kings. As he said in one of these letters: "We Christian kings and emperors have one holy duty imposed on us by heaven, that is to uphold the principle *'von Gottes Gnaden.'*" On the historical side the volume is valuable because it exposes the hidden machinery of European international policies during the decade preceding the war. In this period William II was continually intriguing against England. He was willing even to include France as an ally if with Russia and Austria he could form the strongest league against England. He had another and more secret motive—to remove the menace of Russia herself. In order to be free of the dread of what might come from the East the Emperor was glad to sow suspicion of other Powers in Russia, so that the Russian Government would be kept well occupied with those Powers and would not realize the increasing commercial, and consequently political, conquest gradually being made by Germany to the east. Finally, this allusion to America is interesting:

> It is very essential that America should not feel threatened by our agreement [the secret treaty between Germany and Russia]. Roosevelt, as I know, owing to the innate American dislike to all colored races, has no special partiality for Japan, although England does her utmost to work up American feeling in favor of the Japanese. Besides, the Americans have a clear perception of the indisputable fact that a powerful Japanese Empire is a lasting danger to the American Philippines.

Such a book should have had an index.

VENIZELOS. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The Greek elections make timely every such worth-while comment as this on the career of Venizelos, a statesman of commanding importance and one quite out of proportion to his country's size and prestige. Venizelos did more than merely to restore his native Crete to Greece, to reorganize the internal affairs of Greece and provide her with a Constitution. He was capable of doing more than merely to double her area and population. As Mr. Gibbons points out, Venizelos might have led his countrymen to Constantinople itself, and thus have realized their dream of centuries to occupy again the old Byzantium. But, in any event, his action, as Mr. Gibbons affirms, has been a death thrust to the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The great Greek's successful formation of the Balkan Federation brought Turkey in Europe to its all but extinction in 1912. When the war began, in 1914, Venizelos saw his country's opportunity to put Turkey entirely out of business in Europe and to redeem the part of Asia Minor inhabited by Greeks. But the Powers felt it unnecessary to "play up" Greece (to use Mr. Gibbons's expressive phrase). As their control of the Mediterranean put Greece at their mercy, a more important duty seemed then to be the task of keeping Bulgaria neutral, thus isolating Turkey. Nor, as we learn in these pages, were the Allies above taking advantage of the friendliness of Venizelos to "play up" Bulgaria at the expense of Greece and Serbia alike. The Powers did more. As Mr. Gibbons shows, in the secret treaty of 1915 with Italy they awarded to *her* the purely Greek islands of the Dodecanese. Yet Venizelos persisted in planning for the day to come when, after her entry into the conflict on the Entente side, Greece would be in a position to stand up for what was due to Greater Greece. The conflict between the pro-Ententists and pro-Germans, led respectively by Venizelos and King Constantine, lasted throughout the war and since. During the first two years events favored the King. After that and until the elections of the other day they favored Venizelos. Now they are again favoring the King. But the Greater Greece of Venizelos, though temporarily defeated, will win again.

Mr. Gibbons, who came into close personal contact with Venizelos, also tells us of the splendid personal influence of that leader in strengthening the morale of the Greeks so that they appeared as liberators to the Macedonians and Serbians. Greek intervention under Venizelos on the Macedonian front had the same effect, says Mr. Gibbons, as did the intervention of the Americans on the fronts in France. German morale was broken by the appearance of a new army which gave to the enemy of the Germans an unquestioned superiority of numbers; Bulgarian morale was broken by the unexpected Greek resurrection. It is appropriate that we should be reminded of this at a time when the great Cretan has had to flee from Athens. Who can read the glowing accounts of a titanic work and feel that any other leader could come within a hundredth part of doing what he has done? Whether he is in power or not, the fame of Venizelos is secure.

WAR BOOKS

WAR DAYS IN BRITTANY. By Elsie Deming Jarves. The Saturday Night Press, Detroit.

This handsome volume comprises an account of what two Americans resident in Brittany were able to do during the war. It also contains references to the work which the American Red Cross and the "Y" did in that province.

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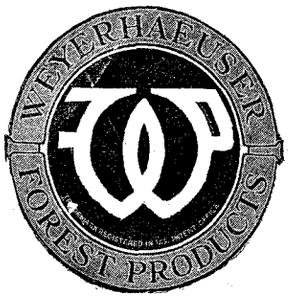
Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine



Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

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WOOD is one of the oldest and most universal materials of civilization.

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From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on their product. You can see it for yourself at the lumber yard or on the job after it is delivered.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

John G. Whittier

ON another page Dr. Abbott gives us an unusually interesting snapshot of John G. Whittier.

When and where was Whittier born? Was he a college man? Did he come from a family of wealth? What is your explanation of Whittier's influence upon American thought and life?

Garrison was a pronounced abolitionist. Was Whittier an anti-slavery man or an abolitionist? What contrast can you draw between the beliefs and the methods of these two kinds of reformers?

For what organization did Whittier write the following lines?

> We cross the prairie as of old the
> Pilgrims crossed the sea
> To make the West, as they the East,
> the homestead of the free!

Do you think Whittier wise in furthering the interests of the society for which he wrote the above lines?

For whom also did Whittier write this stanza?

> Then sound again the bugles,
> Call the muster-roll anew;
> If months have well-nigh won the
> field,
> What may not four years do?

What were the political conditions in the United States at the time this stanza was written? What was the object of the group of men for whom Whittier wrote these lines and what do you know about the achievements of the organization which they formed?

Whittier was about eighty-five years old when he died. In your opinion, who were America's greatest religious and political leaders during Whittier's lifetime? For what reasons do you make the selections you do?

Explain the meaning of the following expressions: *Acidulous, Liberty party, interpretation, omnipresent.*

The French View of Senator Harding's Election

Judging from what is said in the correspondence from Princess Radziwill found on another page, what do you conclude Europe's present opinion of President Wilson to be? Does it seem to you that this opinion is fair and just?

What reasons are there why some people in Europe hold the opinion of Senator Harding that we find expressed in this French view of him? Is there any actual performance on the part of Mr. Harding to back up this conception of him?

Does America take as much interest in French elections as France does in American elections? If a difference in interest exists, can you explain it?

Define the following: *Candid opinion, modus vivendi, propaganda, plebiscite, the soviets, Bolshevism.*

What's the Trouble? Rough Stuff?

If you were an employer, would you care whether you had the confidence of your employees? If you should prize their confidence, how do you think you would proceed to secure it?

Do you think Mr. Rogers has laid too much stress on the position held by foremen? What reasons have you for your answer?

What striking comparisons can you make between conditions under which laboring people worked in America in the nineteenth century and the conditions under which they work now? What conclusions do you draw from this comparison?

If you were to select a manager for laboring men and women, what special mental and temperamental qualifications would you require?

One writer says that "the heritage of the laborer is mistrust and prejudice against capital." Is he right? If so, who and what are to blame for such traits in our laborers?

If you are interested in a very thoughtful and open-minded discussion of an employer's view of labor problems, read "Labor's Crisis," by Sigmund Mendelsohn (Macmillan). Two other books of genuine interest and value on this topic are "What's on the Worker's Mind," by W. Williams (Scribners), and the "Workers at War," by F. J. Warne (Century).

Amending the Constitution

Do you think there is a dangerous tendency to amend our Constitution?

When and when only do you think our Constitution should be amended?

What is your criticism of a proposed twentieth amendment to our Constitution as advocated by the organizations mentioned in this editorial? How much confidence have you in popular referendums? What are your reasons for your views?

What do you think James Bryce means when he says that the great weakness of American democracy lies in its State constitutions, and that it has practically been saved by its Federal Constitution? Can you illustrate your answer?

Some say that there are four ways of amending our Constitution. Are there? It requires three-fourths of our States to effect a Constitutional amendment. Would it be better if we had an easier way of amending the supreme law of the land?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

Spirited Contest Letters Reach The Outlook From Competitors Throughout The Country

THE first of The Outlook's five prize contests for 1921 has engaged the interest of competitors throughout the country.

The first letter to reach us came from a college professor in Canada, the second from a lawyer in Schenectady, the third from an associate professor of New York University, the fourth from a physician in Rochester, New York, the sixth from a bond man in Los Angeles, the seventh from a student in Macon, Georgia.

A first prize of $50, a second prize of $30, and a third prize of $20 will be offered for the best letters in each contest.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER 1

For the Best Criticism of The Outlook and Suggestions for its Improvement

Limit your letter to five hundred (500) words. Give us your candid estimate of The Outlook. If you have faults to find, don't hesitate to express your opinion. The force, style, and human interest of your letter will be considered; its form will count as well as its substance.

To your letter you may append practical suggestions for the improvement of The Outlook. These may include suggestions of subjects or titles for articles that you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest the names of writers whose work you would like to see in The Outlook. You may suggest new fields or new treatment of material that you would regard as effective. These appended suggestions will not be published, but the weight of these suggestions will aid us in estimating the value of your criticism.

This contest closes on January 31, 1921; all letters must reach us on or before that date.

All letters must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only.

Letters will not be acknowledged or returned. We suggest that you keep a carbon copy of your letter.

The Outlook reserves the right to publish, in addition to the three prize-winning letters in this contest, any additional letters received, for which payment at a lower rate will be made.

The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

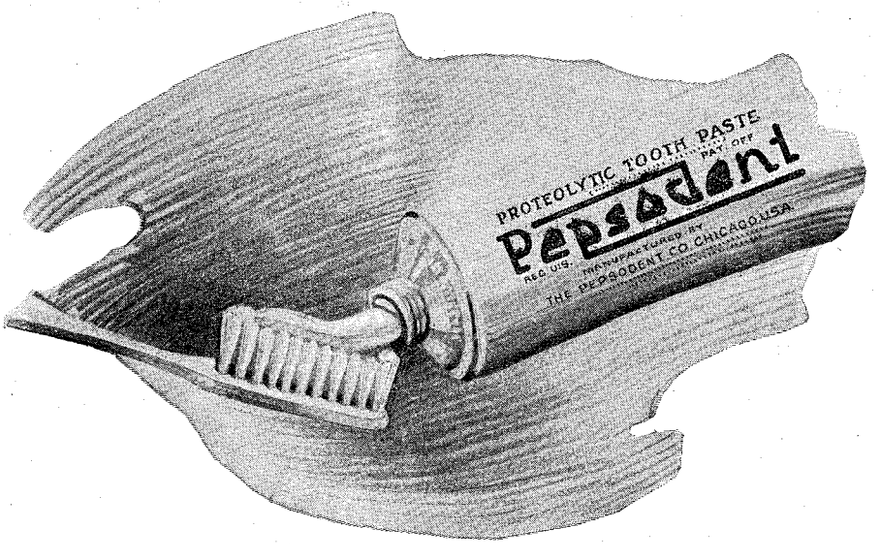
THEODORE H. PRICE is editor and proprietor of "Commerce and Finance." He has been the head of a number of cotton brokers' organizations in New York. He has contributed many articles on economic subjects to The Outlook.

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, who contributes a paper on John Greenleaf Whittier as the second article of his series entitled "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries," practiced law from 1853 to 1859 in New York, as a member of the firm of Abbott Brothers. Among the firm's clients was the New York "Times," whose libel suits the Abbott Brothers handled. The firm's activities were not only legal, but sometimes literary. The three brothers collaborated on a number of novels, to which they signed the pen name "Benauly," a combination of the beginnings of their first names—Benjamin, Austin, and Lyman. "Cone Cut Corners" was the best known of these novels.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER is a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook.

FRANK ELMER WILSON recounts further episodes with alms-askers during his former rectorate at St. Andrew's Church, in Chicago.

SHERMAN ROGERS is known to the lecture platform as "the Lumberjack Orator." He has appeared before many distinguished audiences of financiers and industrial leaders. He is one of The Outlook's industrial correspondents. He learned to use his fists in the woods of Washington; and his Western friends will be pleased to know that he has not forgotten how to use them during his present residence in the tamer East. During the present wave of crime, as copy-desk English has it, Sherman Rogers had a brush with an adversary. As he describes it, Mr. Rogers entered a familiar elevator late one night. As the car started up, the operator, whose breath was tinged with the smell of one of our few remaining drinks, turned to his passenger and said: "You gimme a piece of money last month. What you goan to gimme now?" Mr. Rogers didn't like the approach. "Not a red," he replied in sonorous platform tones. The operator brought his car to a stop between floors and pronounced his ultimatum. Mr. Rogers produced the well-known wallop of the woods, landed on the elevator man's jaw and elsewhere, and soon found himself between floors with only an unconscious operator in the car. Not knowing how to run the car, Mr. Rogers was compelled to wait until the other "came to." Mr. Rogers argues against "rough stuff" in his article in this issue, not because he does not believe there are occasions when it is necessary, but because he would reserve it for the rare emergency.



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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

MOTOR TRANSPORTATION

MOTOR transportation now occupies an assured place among American systems for the carriage of freight and passengers, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York. The older transportation systems will eventually adjust their facilities to accommodate the traffic for which they are best adapted, the bank believes, so that the motor truck must bid for business on the basis of efficiency alone. That it will meet this test, the bank declares, there is no doubt.

"Trucks are still carrying a considerable amount of freight which formerly went by rail," the bank states, "and it is probable that they will take more of this business in the future; but it is no longer to be feared that the railroads will be injured by this diversion of traffic. As the railroads adapt themselves to the increased post-war traffic, the use of motor trucks will be confined to the field in which their superiority can be demonstrated. Manufacturers who make deliveries by both truck and rail find that beyond a certain limit of distance the advantage of the railroad is decisive. This limit is proportionate to the railway terminal costs of the locality. In a region of very high terminal costs it has been estimated at about 125 miles. With the exception of shipments of goods for unusually fast delivery, it does not pay to ship by truck beyond this distance when railroad operation is normal. On the other hand, for shipments of 50 miles or less the advantage is all with the truck, except for the heaviest type of loose freight, and the recent railroad rate increases will accentuate this advantage.

"Railroad rates for short hauls are inadequate to meet the high proportionate terminal expense involved. Short-haul freight in less than car-load lots contributes nothing toward overhead expenses or profit, and may even cause serious losses by increasing terminal congestion. Motor-truck competition relieves this congestion and ceases to be effective at just about the point where the really profitable railroad business begins.

"Motor trucks are valuable supplements to railroad systems when operating as feeder lines, and in that capacity may replace the expensive light branch lines formerly found necessary to supply main-line business from outlying territory. The motor truck operates with success in districts formerly handicapped by inadequate transportation facilities and here performs a valuable service in creating new business. Motor express lines, privately owned and operated as public carriers, radiate from nearly all large metropolitan centers. Through these truck lines the farmer can sell his produce without loss of time and at a minimum expense, and often is enabled to serve markets heretofore quite out of reach. Such marketing methods appear as the best solution of the difficult problem of supplying great cities with perishable foodstuffs, as it gives the city access to producing areas within a wide radius, many of which enjoy no other means of transportation, or at best slow and expensive facilities which discourage the daily shipment of perishable freight.

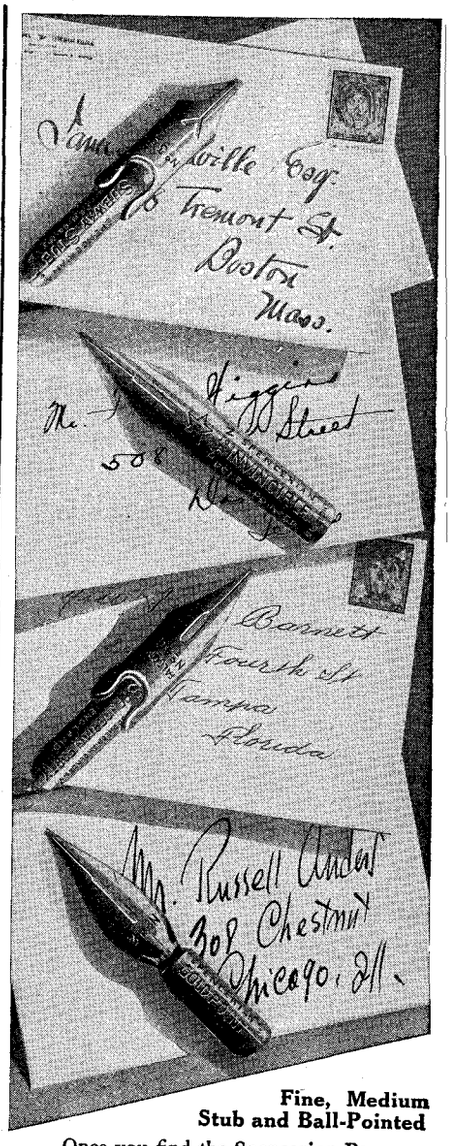
"In passenger carriage for public service the motor vehicle encounters the active opposition of electric railways. The outcome is not yet apparent, for the proper division of the field can come about only through free competition, and this, unfortunately, is not the situation where franchises are granted and rates fixed. The trolley car and the omnibus have distinctive qualities, however, which recommend each for particular types of service. The extent of the use of omnibuses in the United States is indicated by the fact that more than nine thousand are registered in New York City alone.

"Farmers are now the largest users of trucks in this country, as they own ten per cent more than manufacturers and fifteen per cent more than retailers. The Department of Agriculture reported that more than 49,000 farmers were using approximately 78,000 motor trucks in 1919. The stockyards of St. Joseph, Sioux City, Indianapolis, and Omaha report enormous increases in receipts of live stock by truck. In all, 881,000 head of live stock, or twenty-four per cent of all live stock received, were delivered there by motor truck in 1919."

The development of the industry to its maximum efficiency, the bank declares, depends upon the prompt solution of two problems which now confront it. These are the questions of fuel supply and the provision of proper highways.

"The production of motor fuel has not kept pace with its consumption," the bank says. "Between 1909 and 1918 the number of motor vehicles in use in the United States increased about 1,700 per cent, while the domestic production of gasoline increased but 560 per cent, and that of crude oil, the source, but 95 per cent. For the future, when the price of gasoline makes its extraction from shales and the use of substitutes commercially possible, there will probably be sufficient motor fuel at much higher prices than those of to-day. Motor transportation finds no threat of extinction in the fuel situation, but only the necessity of modification.

"Highway construction and maintenance have always been a problem, which has now become so pressing as to cause



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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS *(Continued)*

alarm. Under the present system of road financing it is impossible to build all roads of a type which can bear heavy truck traffic. A good concrete road costs from $50,000 to $70,000 a mile to build, which is more than most communities can afford. The cost of providing highways for motor trucks is properly a part of their operating expenses, but at present the consumer of truck-transported goods shifts his share of this burden to the community. The truck has enjoyed an unfair advantage over other methods of transportation while thus subsidized by the taxpayers, although subsidy during the period of development is quite in line with the history of other established means of transportation. The time is now approaching, however, when motor transportation must stand upon its merits.

"Trucks should be taxed in proportion to their destructive effect on roads, or rather in proportion to the cost to the community of providing roads for their use. Such restrictions would work for the benefit of motor transportation and are the only means by which the good roads which are vital to its future development can be secured."

IS CHIVALRY DEAD? NO!

SOME time ago I arrived in Providence with a heavy suit-case. A boy was found to carry it to Market Square, where I was to wait for my trolley. He dropped it on the sidewalk, and when the car came I carried it to the car, but found I could not lift it to the step. It was a cross-seat open car. I looked around, and near me was a very ragged, but clean, bright-eyed newsboy. I said: "Will you please lift this into the car for me? It is heavy." I got in and instantly the suit-case was at my feet. I smiled down into those bright eyes and said, "Thank you," then started to open my purse. Quick as a flash came: "Oh, no, ma'am, no ma'am; you said please and thank you," and he was gone.

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REDUCE THE GAMBLE IN OUR INDUSTRIES

A CONSULTING ENGINEER SUGGESTS A WAY TO DO IT

ANTAGONISM between labor and capital is a natural corollary of our present labor system. With a given income, what one of these interests gets the other does not get. This equation is inherent in our present system, and antagonism is the natural and inevitable result. Of course the measures being taken by many concerns at present in recognition of the interests of employees neutralize this antagonism to some extent, but these measures are so varied, so experimental, and in some cases so flavored with charity or paternalism, that they are looked upon rather lightly by the people whom they are intended to benefit. Conditions cannot be expected to be greatly improved until the system is changed so that both parties shall have approximately proportional interests and responsibilities —so that real team-work will exist and efficiency be given a chance to function.

The article in The Outlook of October 20, 1920, by a Sub-Master voices this need in the operation of schools. The radical change in our system needed to bring about the desired cooperation of labor and capital is seldom explained in the literature of the day, whereas it should be discussed fully, for it is the biggest economic question before the world at the present time.

It is evident that mutual interest is required to produce team-work, and efficiency cannot be expected without teamwork. Mutual interest between capital and labor means that both shall share in the management and also in the profits of the enterprise. This is really all that our Sub-Master said in the page and a half of his article. But if employees are to share with owners in management and profits, the latter have got to surrender privileges that have been theirs since the beginning of industry, and privilege always dies hard. The struggles that the human race has gone through to free its members from the bondage of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman slavery, the serfdom of the feudal age, imprisonment for debt, and the milder oppressions of apprenticeship, sweatshops, company stores, and the like in modern times have been simply an endeavor to wrest privilege from those who held what seemed to the possessors inalienable rights. The wars and parliamentary struggles to advance democracy among mankind have also been simply a process of taking privilege from its former possessors.

We have reached a stage of culture where we see clearly that the divine right of kings was a fallacy, that slaveholding is not right, that the inhuman working of South American natives in the mines of Peru by the Spanish invaders was wrong, that the cruel driving of women and children in the coal mines of England a century and more ago by the titled owners was against Christian principles, and the future generations will just as clearly see that our present system of hiring labor is against the soundest principles of Christian ethics and of industrial prosperity. Experience has proved in this country to all students of economics that slave labor cannot compete industrially with free labor even in the agricultural field; and the day will come when the proof will be equally clear that our present system of labor cannot compete with a properly organized partnership scheme.

The outline of the proper scheme is simple: The owners, employees, and the public should share—three chosen representatives — in the directorate. The two producing interests—the owners and employees or capital and labor —should share in the profits *pro rata* according to the wage of each. The details require too much space for this communication, but they are precise and easily understood. The wage of capital is the commercial rate of interest at the time, enhanced, perhaps, according to the conditions pertaining to the particular industry involved. The wage of the employees is the payroll including so-called salaries and all compensation for regular service.

If the enterprise is a public utility under public regulation, the prescribed rates will be adjusted with the intention of making them just cover expenses and these two wages. Profit is something that must be striven for; it must be won by efficiency and economy beyond the ordinary. With the incentives due to the partnership idea of the above scheme, team-work will be the natural outcome, slackers—the cause of the present situation—will disappear by the intolerance of their fellows, and efficiency of the highest order will prevail.

At present our industries are too much subjected to a gambling chance, and one of the principal gambles is the labor element. Let us reduce the gamble by sharing profits and thereby insure stability in our industries.

J. P. SNOW,
Consulting Engineer.
Boston, Massachusetts.

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I CANNOT resist the impulse to express my gratification at the frankly adverse criticism by R. D. Townsend of "Main Street" in your late issue.

I agree with it perfectly.

It is refreshing indeed to find some one who knows the truth about small towns (I was born and lived in one for many years) and is not afraid to express it.

I had begun to think that every one had gone mad on the subject of "Main Street."

(Mrs.) MARY C. BERRESFORD.
New York City.

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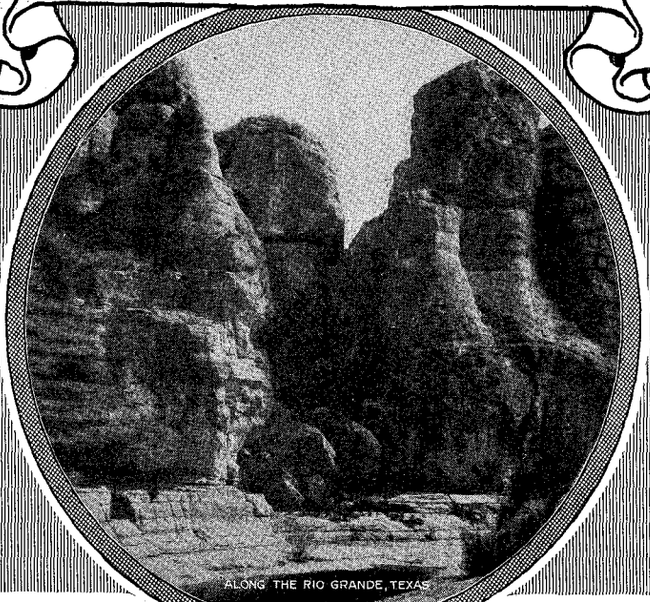

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Do you wish to sell or rent?

If so, we suggest an advertisement in the Annual Real Estate Issues of The Outlook. These issues will be dated February 16, March 16, and April 20, and will contain special real estate sections.

The Outlook has for many years helped its readers to dispose of property through small advertisements in these special numbers. The cost of space is only 60 cents a line.

If you will give us a description of your property we will be glad to prepare a suggested advertisement for your approval. Write us immediately in order to catch the February 16 issue. Address

Real Estate Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

"FOR the benefit of any city man thinking of buying a small farm to make a living on," say a correspondent of the "Rural New Yorker," "I would say, sit down and figure all the expenses for one year that you can think of. Then double this. If you do not have $1,000 left over, do not try it." This sounds discouraging, but the writer concludes: "If you do have this $1,000 left over, by all means go ahead, as it is the best life in the world."

A first edition of a collection of Thomas Hood's letters, picked up in an old-book store, contains this story: Hood crossed the channel during a severe gale; every passenger but one was seasick; the exception, a yellow visaged individual, was the center of an envious throng the next morning. "You must have some secret remedy," said one passenger; "I'd give a sovereign to know it." "Done!" said the scathless one. Carefully putting the coin in his purse, he announced: "To avoid sea sickness you should live on the sea, as I have done, for thirty years!"

"According to an evening paper," "Punch" reports, "the lady who has just become Duchess of Westminster has 'one son, a boy.'" "On the other hand," comments "Punch," "the Duke himself has two daughters, both girls."

"A one-legged man brought a crippled boy over to our school in a buggy and left him. It was a sharp trick. He had no money to pay railroad fare back, and there was nothing to do but to take him. The boy soon developed into a very capable worker. There was nothing that he could not do. For several winters he was boss of the wood crew and only last year he had charge of the school farm. I know of no braver spirit that has ever entered the school than this boy. Well, he has now gone to work in a cotton mill. Last Sunday he came over here to visit me, and just before he left he handed me ten dollars and said that it was to go toward our million-dollar endowment fund." So runs one of the little life-stories told in the "Industrial Student" of Camp Hill, Alabama. They make encouraging reading for educators.

A Seattle subscriber gives this as an example of an attempt by a high school pupil at using a newly acquired word in a sentence. Word: *Ennui*—a state of being bored. Example: They tried to ennui a hole in the box.

A darky preacher, an exchange reports, after a sermon on "Salvation Free," proceeded to announce a collection. A colored brother took him to task after the service for not practicing as he preached. "Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "S'pose you was thirsty an' come to a ribber. You could kneel right down and drink your fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost

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'o' nothin', would it?" "Ob co'se not.)at's jes' de very t'ing—" "Well, :'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped o yo' house, yo'd hab to pay, wouldn't ,o'?" "Yassuh, but—" "Wal, brudder, ,o it is in dis case. Salvation am free. ,t's de habin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got :o pay fo'."

An advertisement in a New York City daily indicates that "Christians" must get up earlier if they are to secure jobs instead of letting them go to the more wide-awake "others." It reads:

> A Happy New Year? Yes, young ladies, because here are positions for you. . . . Christians call mornings, but call early, or the other girl may get the position.

Another advertisement shows that a willing worker is often "up against it:"

> Will some one tell me how a college man, 27, competent bookkeeper and office man, but limited experience, can connect with a good concern? Will work my head off for the one who gives me a chance. Address, etc.

Professor Stephen Leacock, better known as a humorist than as professor of Political Economy in McGill University, tells in the "Harvard Advocate" of his arid life as a student in Toronto thirty years ago. "I lived," he says, "in seventeen different boarding-houses. We always had beef—and soda biscuits that were better than dog biscuits but with not so much snap. We had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale. . . . We are beginning to see that the text-book and the classroom are but a part of the student's life. True education cannot be achieved by shoveling in information."

Dr. Leacock feels so strongly that the educational system partly characterized in the above paragraph is unwise that he goes on to say:

> If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable (just think of that!)—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more properly with that, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text-books.

A messenger pigeon, according to an article in "Harper's," was awarded the Légion d'Honneur during the war. It carried from Vaux to Verdun a message for help sent by Commandant Raynal. This pigeon flew through a hail of fire and a gas barrage, and, wounded and gassed, dropped dead as it delivered its message. With a fine sentiment, the French honored the dead bird-hero with a decoration of the highest merit.

The Rector (as reported by "London Opinion")—"And now, I suppose, you are out of danger?"

Parishioner—"Well, zur, not exactly; the doctor says 'e be a-comin' one or two more times."

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

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What Doctors do for their own sore throats

"I want to congratulate you, Doctor, on the great success I hear you are having with your throat cases. I myself have attacks of inflamed throat every winter, can't seem to get rid of them. Wish you would take a look at mine and tell me what to do."

"I guess, Doctor, I will have to introduce you to Formamint. Here's a real good throat antiseptic with which you will keep the soft tissues in an almost constant antiseptic bath, because you will find Formamint pleasant and convenient enough to use frequently. I find that the average patient will readily dissolve a Formamint tablet in his mouth every hour or so, and you know how hard it is to get them to use gargles or sprays consistently, even two or three times a day, especially children.

"Formamint tablets certainly relieve sore throats and are heading off a lot of tonsillitis for me, but I am even more interested in their prophylactic power, and so I am advising my patients to use them freely during the throat and influenza season to prevent infection."

Any druggist will tell you how widely Formamint is recommended by throat specialists, physicians and dentists.

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THE BLAINE-BURCHARD INCIDENT

A FORMER COUNCILOR OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE RELATES WHAT MR. BLAINE TOLD HIM

IMMEDIATELY after the Presidential election of 1884 Mr. Blaine went to the city of Ellsworth, Maine, to the home of United States Senator Eugene Hale, for a fortnight's rest.

At that time I was a member of the Executive Council of the State of Maine, sometimes called the Governor's Council, and was in Ellsworth on State business.

On the morning that I left Ellsworth Mr. Blaine, accompanied by his daughter Margaret, entered the car I was in. Mr. Blaine said to his daughter: "Margaret, please take a seat opposite; I want to talk to Fessenden." She did so, and I sat facing Mr. Blaine from Ellsworth to Bangor. Mr. Blaine talked. I listened. He analyzed all the causes that contributed to his defeat without emotion or rancor. A stranger would not have known that he was conversing with a defeated candidate.

In that connection I said to Mr. Blaine, "Why in the world didn't you refute and negative Burchard's remark right then and there?"

Mr. Blaine replied, and I give his reply verbatim, for I have thought it over many times: "Fessenden, I did not hear that remark. The gentleman spoke in a very low tone of voice. My mind was intent upon another matter, and I neither heard nor knew of what he had said until the next morning."

Mr. Harlan, in The Outlook of December 8, states his recollection of what his father told him long afterward.

Mr. Lowell, in The Outlook of December 22, states his recollection of what Dr. McKelway told him, which tallies substantially with my recollection; but I state what Mr. Blaine himself told me within two weeks after the election, upon his first appearance in public, and he knew that he was talking directly to a personal friend and as ardent a Blaine Republican as there was in the country.

"Ancient history" all of it. How the years pass! Principal and participants mostly all "gone west." Yet history, ancient or modern, should recite facts.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN.
Aroostook County Probate Court,
Fort Fairfield, Maine.

THE OUTLOOK'S POLARIZATION

PLEASE continue my copy of Outlook. We could not keep house without it; after the daily papers have deluged me all week with rumors and near-facts, I look to The Outlook to clear the muddy water. I do not always agree, but that polarization is helpful.

I have found The Outlook fair in its prophecies and interpretations, and as consistent as any human agency can be in this twentieth century.

W. L. LILLIE.
New Bedford, Massachusetts.

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